

Special report from Germany:

THE FAILURE OF THE CANADIAN BRIGADE

By Lionel Shapiro

SHOULD WE GIVE GUNS TO THE GERMANS?

By Bruce Hutchison

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MADE IN CANADA

EDITORIAL

MORE TEETH FOR THE OPPOSITION

IN ELECTION DAY and its morrow, most of us have our attention focused on the winner. Who's going to form the government? And when that question is answered on the night of August 10, then what's the government going to do? Who's going to have what job? And so on.

It might be better for the country if we spared a little more thought for the other side of the question. Who's going to be the Opposition? And how is it equipped to carry on its essential but neglected function?

For the convenience of the party in power, the taxpayer is allowed to spare no expense. Whole platoons of civil servants, including some of the best brains in the country, are at its service. Speeches are written, graphs drawn, tables prepared and volumes published to make sure the public understands the acts and the intentions of the party in power.

For the party out of power, the taxpayer provides almost no help at all. Except for a handful of overworked stenographers and two official secretaries, the leader of the Opposition has no staff. He has less help than the lowliest cabinet minister, and he is the only man on the Opposition side (except the two minor party leaders) who gets any help at all.

If the Liberals should be in opposition anytime in the near future, this disability will be less serious. Liberals know enough about the administration, after eighteen consecutive years in office, to be very penetrating critics. They would not let a Conservative government get away with what they themselves are getting away with. For a term or two, at least, they could be a competent Opposition without extra help.

Not so the Conservatives. It is commonplace to say that the Liberals have been in too long; it is even more profoundly true that the Conservatives have been out too long. Except for the Hon. Earl Rowe, who held a cabinet post briefly in the Bennett regime, not a single Conservative candidate has ever held federal office. After eighteen

years in the political wilderness they no longer know how things are done, or what goes on.

A temporary cure for this, of course, would be to elect a Conservative government to power. But even if the voters should do this, and most especially if they should not, it's time we took steps toward a permanent cure. The Opposition ought to be equipped with enough personnel, paid by the taxpayer, to do the job it is supposed to do.

A start might be made in parliament. The Government is supported by a phalanx of parliamentary assistants; why shouldn't the leader of the Opposition have similar full-time help on a number of key departments? Men like J. M. Macdonnell, the financial critic, Donald Fleming on housing, Howard Green on veterans' affairs and General George Pearkes on defense have in fact been working almost the year round already, but this service ought not to be exacted from them at great personal sacrifice. They and others like them should be getting the doubled indemnity which parliamentary assistants earn.

And besides a decent salary they should each have a proper staff, adequately paid. The civil servant who is chief adviser to the defense critic, or the financial critic, or any other designated member of the Opposition should be a senior man with enough experience and enough personal stature to get the information he needs. He ought also to be protected by statute, to ensure that by doing a good job for the Opposition he will be advancing and not impeding his own career.

This parliament seems a good one to take this overdue step, for it will be (or should be) Opposition-conscious. If the Liberals are returned it may well be with a sufficiently decreased majority to remind them that they may some day be in Opposition themselves. If the Conservatives win, their memories can hardly be so short as to let them forget the disadvantages of the Opposition at present, or the desirability of removing as many of those disadvantages as are removable. And in either case, we think the average voter would be a gainer by the change.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

ROBERT J. COLLINS, who has just joined the staff of Maclean's as western editor, was born and brought up on a farm at Shamrock, Sask. After a wartime stint in the RCAF he entered the University of Saskatchewan. His first summer vacation was spent as a cub reporter on the Moose Jaw Times-Herald, his second as a cub reporter on the Regina Leader-Post. He then headed east to the University of Western Ontario's School of Journalism at London, Ont.



Bob Collins



Stuart Trueman

Graduating in 1950, he worked on the London Free Press for a year. For the last two years he has been an assistant editor of Canadian Homes and Gardens, a Maclean-Hunter publication. He has contributed

several articles to Maclean's. Now twenty-nine Collins is married to a Toronto girl who looks forward to living in Calgary, where he will make his headquarters. . . . Stuart Trueman, who wrote I'm The Invisible Man (page 24), is editor of the Telegraph-Journal and the Evening Times-Globe, sister newspapers in Saint John, N.B. Known among his friends as a worrywart, he turns his problems to profit by writing about them, and is rapidly establishing a reputation as a humorist. This is his first appearance in Maclean's.

MACLEAN'S

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, MONTREAL, AUGUST 15, 1953



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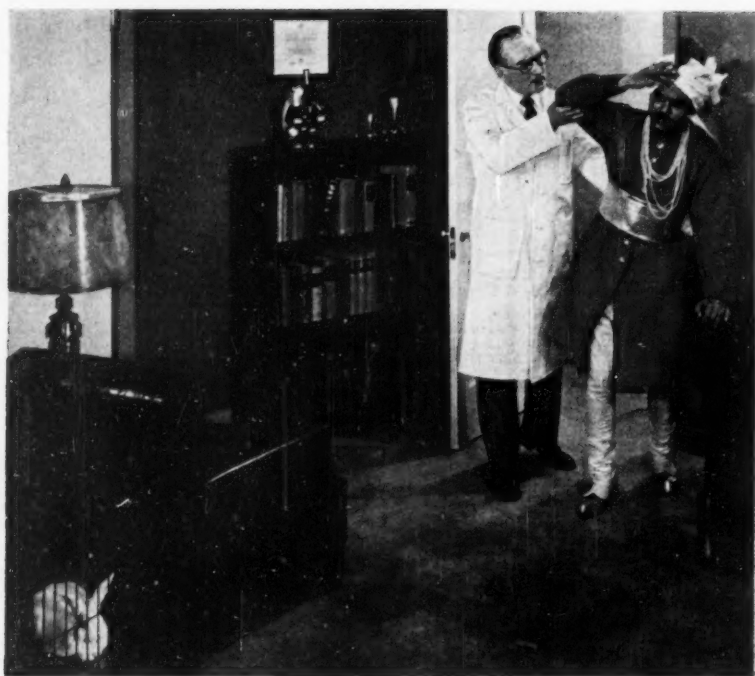
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The Strange Case of the Hidden Rabbit and the Allergic Prince...

At the Pasteur Institute in Paris, the story is told about an Oriental Prince who visited this famous medical center. Warned in advance that the Prince was allergic to rabbits, the tour was carefully planned to avoid all rooms in which the animals were kept.

Someone, however, doubted that exposure to rabbits could possibly be harmful to the Prince. So, one of the animals was hidden in a room through which the tour was to go. Amazingly enough, upon entering that room, the Prince had a violent allergic attack!

How does medical science explain this strange disorder known as allergy?

Doctors say that an allergy is not a disease, but a heightened sensitivity to certain substances—pollens, dusts, animal danders, cotton fillings, foods and drugs—to name a few. The allergic person simply cannot tolerate such substances. When they are breathed, eaten, touched or otherwise encountered, they set up a reaction which may appear as a skin eruption, a digestive upset, headache—and, most commonly, asthma or hay fever.

Great advances have been made in relieving not only hay fever sufferers, but victims of other allergies as well. Today, for instance, there are ways of identifying the most obscure causes of allergy and, in

many cases, of immunizing the victim against the offending substance.

This is done by giving repeated, gradual doses of the allergy-producer. Such treatment—if continued as long as the doctor recommends—may greatly, if not completely, relieve allergic symptoms in 85 percent of the cases. Some persons, of course, are permanently relieved simply by avoiding contact with things known to be the source of their trouble—a cotton-stuffed pillow, a dog or a cat.

Though allergic disorders are rarely fatal, doctors consider them serious. This is because the symptoms are distressing, and, in severe cases, may cause such discomfort that work, sleep, appetite and recreation are interfered with. As a result, both physical and mental health may suffer.

Prompt and proper treatment—and continued cooperation between patient and physician—are the keys to successful control of any severe allergy. This is because so many factors are involved—including precise diagnostic studies, drugs for immediate relief, and the influence of the patient's emotions upon the onset and severity of allergic symptoms.

Although there is as yet no "sure cure" for the various types of allergies, patients who carefully follow their doctor's advice can often be greatly helped.

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BY *Beverley Baxter*



FOOTNOTE ON A FABULOUS CANADIAN

I FIRST HEARD the news at the Japanese Embassy in London where a reception was being given for the youthful Crown Prince. The scene was an amusing and colorful one with various degrees of curtsies (down to none at all) by the women and every kind of bow by the men from a horizontal obeisance to a mere pulling in of the chin. The Japanese women in kimonos looked dainty and fresh as if they had just emerged from the bath.

I observed to my wife, who was reasonably impressed, that between the diplomats and the kimonos the whole affair should be titled "Call Me Madam Butterfly." To which I added that everything seemed so unreal that it had no relation to the life around us.

And just then a friend came up and said: "Have you heard the news about Critch? He's desperately ill and I'm afraid he is going to lose his sight."

There are rules to drama in the theatre but none to the drama of life. It seemed such a cruelly incongruous setting to hear about a fellow Canadian with whom I served in the 1914 war and who has been one of my closest friends ever since. Both Critchley and I made our careers in England after the war but the Canadian bond was a special bond between us.

Now I have set myself the task of setting down in print the story of Brigadier-General Alfred Cecil Critchley—known always as Critch—who defied the fates a thousand times; a man of vision and amazing courage whose faults of temperament were far outweighed by his generosity of spirit; a difficult brilliant domineering figure whose philosophy of life was summed up in a magnificent oath that he created: "BLASTINO!"

Critchley was born in Calgary in 1890, his father, Major Oswald Critchley, being a rancher. Critchley père had arrived from England with five pounds in his pocket and reached Calgary which consisted of eight tents—his making the ninth. Eventually he was elected to the legislature by a majority of one vote after seven recounts. There were three sons who, with their father, made up a polo team that challenged all comers. Cecil was a handsome six-footer who worked in a bank for a while but longed for the zest of the open air. So he joined the Canadian Regular Army and was commissioned in the Strathcona Horse.

When the 1914 war broke out the father and the three sons came to the war. Just in passing and to complete the family record, the father married a second time after his wife's death and twin sons were born. They were, of course, mere children in 1914 but they served with high distinction as regulars in the 1939 war and rose to high rank.

Critch, who is the hero of my narrative, went to the front with the Strathcona Horse as part of the First Canadian Division, was twice wounded, won the DSO, and was appointed to the staff of the First and then the Third Canadian divisions. Then he was sent to England to open a school for smartening up the newly arrived junior Canadian officers and complete the process of turning them from semi-civilians into real front-line soldiers. It was as a lieutenant that I was sent to the school at Bexhill-on-Sea and for the first time saw the spectacular commandant, Lieut.-Col. Critchley.

At some ungodly hour in the morning we were put on parade in companies and with sergeants-major who bellowed at us and managed even to make the word "sir" sound like a reproof. We were not ranker officers but officer rankers. All our glory was gone and we feared the worst. Then to wild shouts of "shun!" we sprang to attention as the commandant arrived to inspect us. He stepped out of his car looking immensely impressive in his red-tabbed uniform—and the effect was not lessened by his Alsatian dog which bounded upward as if to show his adoration of his owner.

Critch inspected us and then we were marched into a great hall where he addressed us in a rapid-fire vigorous style that jolted us like an electric shock. "Gentlemen," he snapped, "you are soldiers now. Don't forget it. I don't care what you were in

Continued on page 40



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE in the campaign

Will The Parties Keep Their Leaders?

MOST people take it for granted Prime Minister St. Laurent is fighting his last election—that next time the Liberals will have a new leader while the other parties carry on as they are. Watching the campaign one begins to wonder if this notion may not be wrong on both counts. It may be the Liberals who stay as they are, the others who change.

When the Prime Minister announced the Aug. 10 election reporters asked him how long he intended to remain in active politics. He grinned, looking at us over the top of his glasses with the famous grandfatherly air. "I never intended in the first place to stay in politics as long as I have done now," he said. "Then in 1949 lots of people were predicting that I couldn't last very long. Well, I feel just as well now as I did in 1949. I think I can count on being here for—well, quite a long time."

That of course was routine campaign tactics to counter the Opposition line that "The Liberals are asking you to vote for a man who won't be there." But many times at the whistle stops of the campaign, delivering the little talks to school children which he does so well, the Prime Minister would say things like this: "I hope I'll be able to come back and see you again when you are much bigger than you are today."

It made you realize, perhaps with a mild shock, that St. Laurent has aged less in the last four years than either of the "young" aspirants to the succession as Liberal leader. Mike Pearson and Doug Abbott have both lost their boyishness since

1949 — Pearson particularly shows the effect of chronic fatigue, of trying to carry too heavy a load in Ottawa and at the United Nations. The Prime Minister, on the other hand, looks exactly the same at seventy-one as he did at sixty-seven. Maybe his hair and mustache are a shade whiter, but that's all. He doesn't look, act, walk or talk like an old man.

St. Laurent has decided to retire before, not once but several times. In 1946 when he was Minister of Justice he was firmly determined to leave politics and go back to law. Mackenzie King despaired of persuading him to change his mind until Brooke Claxton suggested giving him External Affairs. Even in that interesting post, however, he still told friends and even reporters in 1947 that his mind was made up to retire. Loyalty to his colleagues and his party induced him to change that decision and stay on.

A couple of years ago there was another flurry of rumors about the Prime Minister's imminent retirement and there is good reason to believe they were well founded. The word from extremely well-informed sources indicated that he would resign the leadership within a very few months.

Then someone pointed out that when a prime minister retires he is through. He can't go back to practicing law and coming to Ottawa to press his clients' cases upon cabinet ministers who have lately been his colleagues and who owe their positions to him. Retirement would mean, not returning to a beloved profession, *Continued on page 55*



is this LIQUIDATION?

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Lionel Shapiro Examines THE FAILURE OF THE 27th

*"Canada . . . is represented on the ground in Europe by an indifferent brigade—indifferent in military efficiency, in esprit de corps, in appearance and in behavior."
Maclean's European correspondent probes the reasons*

HANOVER

THERE IS a deep and seemingly inexplicable mystery about the 27th Canadian Infantry Brigade Group which, encamped here in Hanover, represents the Dominion's contribution to the North Atlantic Treaty ground forces in Europe. It's a troublesome and challenging mystery but the brigade has become accustomed to it and goes along living in the midst of it in the same spiritless way that people accept living in slums—because they've given up hope of being able to do anything about it.

The mystery can be simply and bluntly stated: Canada, which prides itself on one of the highest living standards in the world and on a truly magnificent military tradition, is represented on the ground in Europe by an indifferent brigade—indifferent in military efficiency, in *esprit de corps*, in appearance and in behavior. Canada has contributed one of the few second-class military formations standing guard in western Europe.

The more one probes the mystery, the more incredible it becomes. Here is a nation of fifteen millions which sends a mere six thousand of its youth to Europe. They are all volunteers; they are, in most categories, the highest-paid troops in the world; they are equipped with the best that money can buy and are quartered in excellent barracks on the edge of a large and interesting city; they are well and compassionately commanded; they enjoy food, health, leisure and vacation facilities which equal those of any foreign service in the world and surpass most.

By any reasonable reckoning this should produce the kind of crack

formation which would help justify the smallness of Canada's numerical contribution. But it appears that the exact opposite is true, and therein lies the mystery.

The 27th Brigade is composed mostly of unhappy restless men. Since the brigade's arrival in Hanover in November 1951 the Canadian people and parliament have intermittently received reports about poor morale and occasionally of mass rioting in the city itself. As for the brigade's military mission, which is to become an efficient defense force, the most sanguine judgment this reporter has been able to draw out of high officers is a meaningful shrug and the comment, "Well, I suppose they'll pass."

Here then is the supreme paradox. The six thousand troops—"the cream of Canadian youth" as we are accustomed to call our Canadian volunteers—are failing as ambassadors and as soldiers. A collection of indifferent, morose, restless characters bear Canada's banners in the heart of Europe.

There is of course an explanation for this extraordinary state of affairs, but it must be painfully arrived at. And when it finally comes into focus it poses an acute problem for the Canadian people as well as for the military high command and the government in Ottawa.

The correspondent who arrives here for a visit with the brigade encounters a chronic reluctance on the part of the officers to talk to any outsider about the fundamental weaknesses of the brigade. This is an inbred characteristic of military men and it's especially stubborn when they have something to conceal. Besides, this has been an election year in Canada and

REPORT FROM GERMANY... THE CANADIANS

The world's highest-paid soldiers have a waiting list for jail cells and a VD rate higher than the U.S. or British armies. But "... If we got into a shooting war this bunch would do okay - anyway they're tough enough"

officers have been more than ever reluctant to say anything which might conceivably embarrass their civilian superiors.

There is, for example, a jailhouse in the Hanover encampment. I asked half a dozen officers, who would be expected to know, what the capacity of this detention barracks was and whether it was filled. Not one of them seemed to know. They pleaded loss of memory, being out of touch, not having seen the latest figures and so on. Was the capacity about twenty or fifty or a hundred? I persisted. Even an approximate round figure seemed to elude their memories; they just couldn't say.

On the other hand, it was a simple matter for me to obtain permission to visit the detention barracks. I walked through the corridors and counted the cells and the inmates therein. There are forty-seven cells and forty-seven detainees fill them to capacity. There was also a long list of men condemned to detention and awaiting vacant cells to begin a term of punishment for a variety of crimes ranging from theft and assault to chronic incorrigibility and long absence without leave. In addition, the battalions have makeshift cells in their own quarters for men found guilty of lesser infractions.

How many men are awaiting detention, how many are confined to battalion barracks, how many are incarcerated in cells of small Canadian units strewn across Western Germany—these figures are effectively denied a reporter. What is not denied is that for a community of 5,499 "other ranks," the total for the brigade, the military crime rate is "high."

One morning at ten o'clock, the hour for the coffee break, a young medical officer walked into his mess and sank heavily into a chair.

"I'm bushed," he mumbled to his companions, "haven't been to bed yet. What a night of work this one was!"

What had happened? An outbreak of infectious disease? An accident? A riot? The medical officer looked blandly at his questioner. "Nothing extraordinary," he replied. "Yesterday was payday. The men sure went to town last night."

I asked a sergeant, a good solid-looking citizen, a career soldier, about the men in his outfit. He said, "I suppose if we got into a shooting war this bunch would do okay. Anyway they're tough enough..." He shook his head decisively. "But this peacetime business is something else again. I guess it's the guys' own fault. What are you going to do with a bunch that's got two things on their mind twenty-four hours a day—liquor and women? ... Sure, there're some good guys here, damn good guys and damn good soldiers, but—well take a guy I've got in my outfit. Doesn't drink, doesn't go downtown, saves his dough. And he's the loneliest private in Germany."

The point was made more succinctly by one of the eight padres attached to the brigade. He said, "I've been in the army many years now. I knew the army after the war when we had the veterans in, later when we had a

THE ARMY TRIES HARD TO KEEP MORALE HIGH

ENTERTAINMENT Rainbow Strings, girl troupe from Toronto, entertains men of the 27th at their camp.



LEAVE

On furlough in Brussels Lieut. Pat Durocher, Hawkesbury, Ont., and Sgt. J. Coles, Kingston, window-shop for lace. Servicemen's rail fares are low.

small permanent force, and now this new crowd—" he paused and then added sadly—"We have some good men here, but mostly it's an abyss of immorality."

When a community of men is consistently at odds with the conditions of its existence, either the conditions are at fault or the men are inadequate.

Let's look at the conditions. In a military community these depend partly on the facilities for living, partly on the nature of the command. The physical layout in Hanover is as good as this reporter has seen in Europe and superior in most respects to any military encampment in Canada. Built before the war to house an elite German cavalry regiment, it is generously designed. The barracks buildings are widely spaced, well heated and well ventilated. There are huge training squares and sports fields and, when the weather is good (which, unfortunately, it usually isn't), the country is altogether pleasant. Five miles from the camp, a fifteen-minute bus ride, Hanover is a lively city of five hundred thousand inhabitants and offers everything from excellent grand opera to the lowest kind of dive this side of the Casbah.

Food, which was a source of lively complaint in the first months after the brigade's arrival, has been stepped up to adequate Canadian standards and the men appear to be satisfied with the rations.

A Fraulein at the Juke Box

Recreational facilities in the camp consist of playing fields, tennis courts and sports equipment of all kinds; a nightly movie; an occasional British stage show and much too infrequently a Canadian stage offering; and, most popular of all, the battalion beer canteens where the men can drink potent German beer (at eleven cents a quart) to the limit of their capacity and where snacks from hotdogs to steaks are available at similarly low prices. In each canteen a *Fraulein* holds court over a library of the latest jukebox favorites. The cigarette ration is forty-four packs a month per man at less than ten cents a pack.

In Hanover itself the official recreation facilities include a British movie theatre, a really magnificent dancing and beer casino and a variety of Red Cross and Salvation Army reading rooms and snack bars.

Of the ability of the Canadian soldier to afford the expense of extramural activities there is not the slightest question. "My problem," one soldier told me, "is to convince my gal that the Americans don't get as much pay as I do. She thinks I'm a liar when I tell her we get more pay."

The fact is that in most enlisted categories the Canadian is by a narrow margin the highest-paid soldier in the world. His net income suffers in no way by comparison with basic pay in Canadian industry. The basic pay of a private is ninety-eight dollars a month, all found, to which is added a

variety of allowances. Practically all get extra trades pay which ranges from six to forty dollars a month; subsistence and marriage allowances, where they apply, add up to the point where a married private can draw as high as \$219 a month, a sergeant \$270, and a warrant officer \$325. The British soldier gets less than half this amount, the French soldier less than one fifth.

In addition, the Canadian soldier can add to his income by neatness. He is issued on joining with two battle-dress and two walking-out uniforms and thereafter he is allowed one hundred and fifty dollars a year for uniform maintenance. This puts a premium on carefulness (by wearing coveralls, for instance, on greasy jobs). Several men pocket half the allowance.

These, then, are the basic conditions of the soldier's existence in Hanover. Let's look at the command.

The initial shakedown period—the task of adapting a new formation to new jobs and strange surroundings—was undertaken by Brigadier Geoffrey Walsh, a brilliant soldierly engineer who has a reputation for being a strict disciplinarian. It was his assignment to make an operational brigade out of raw recruits in six months. During this period the Canadian people received a spate of reports about the brigade's poor morale. Complaints were widely circulated about the men's food, leave, leisure and relations with the Germans. It is probable that the going was tough—but so was the assignment. Only a disciplinarian could swing raw recruits into some semblance of military bearing in so short a time.

After a year Walsh was replaced by Brigadier J. E. C. Pangman, of Toronto, who still has the command. No doubt by design the new commander was less strict than his predecessor. He could afford to be; the shakedown period was over, the lessons had been learned. Pangman reviewed the regulations and morale problems and set about liberalizing the military regime.

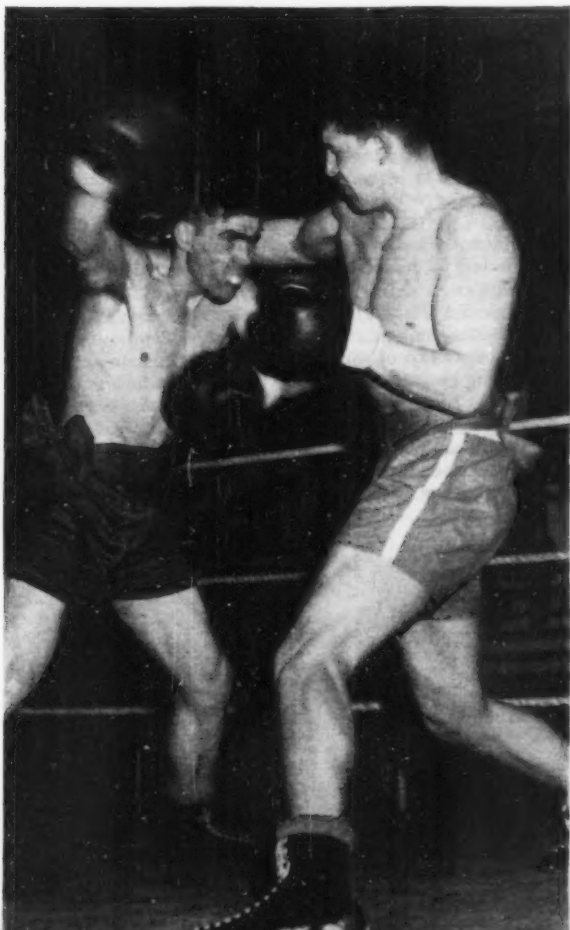
Here is the average day's routine for the average soldier in the 27th. The first morning parade is at 7.30; at 10 o'clock there is a fifteen-minute coffee break; at 11.50 the men go to lunch until 1.15. The day's work ends at 4.45. Wednesday afternoon is reserved for sports. From Saturday noon until Monday morning the average soldier is off duty, except during manoeuvres.

The leave policy is generous enough to flabbergast any prewar soldier. A reveille pass which allows a soldier to remain out of camp all night is easily available to everyone with a good record. The same rule of good behavior applies to week-end passes. Each man is given three sixteen-day holidays each year and special travel fares have been arranged so he can use these holiday periods with the greatest profit. He can travel to London and return for fifteen dollars, or anywhere in Germany and fifty miles beyond, and return, for about four dollars. This provides him with travel to practically all of Europe for a pittance—Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Switzerland and Italy. If he becomes ill in any

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SPORTS

Wednesday's half-holiday is for sports. Spr. M. Mercredi, Yellowknife, N.W.T. (left), is 27th light-heavy champion.



NIGHT LIFE

Canadian soldiers and German girls make merry to American jazz in Hanover's Lakeside Club, operated by the British Army.

For REPORT ON THE GERMANS see the following two pages



**REPORT FROM
GERMANY...**
The Germans

UNREST in East Berlin turned into wild revolt. West police protect a Communist official beaten and driven across the dividing line by enraged rioters.

Bruce Hutchison Describes



THE FATEFUL GAMBLE ON THE RHINE

Open rebellion this summer revealed Russia's failure to convert East Germany. But does that mean the Reich is ready to fight for democracy? A well-known Canadian author appraises the West's dilemma in offering guns to Germans

THE INN stood in a labyrinth of narrow pitch-dark streets beside the moonlit rapids of the Rhine. It was a crooked old house of stone and timber, built three hundred years ago, and it looked like a painted illustration out of Grimm's fairy tales.

On this Saturday night it was crammed with Germans, all slightly intoxicated with Rhenish wine and quite drunk with music. Old folk and young, workers from the neighboring factories, boys off the farms, rich merchants and their fat wives, pretty girls and ruined army officers, all sang and danced and laughed as if there had been no war and no Hitler, as if they had nothing to worry about and nobody was worrying about them.

But the truth is that people are worrying about them—the very people who strove so hard to defeat them a few years before: Americans, Canadians, Britons and Frenchmen. They worry because Germans and the German way of life represent the biggest gamble of our time, a gamble on which the peace of the world may well hang.

The question on which the gamble turns is this: Can these people with their complex make-up—part gaiety, part industrial genius, part tortured spirit—be trusted with sovereignty, democracy, freedom and weapons? Within a fortnight of that evening at the inn part of the German people had

given part of the answer; had erupted in bloody riot not far from here against the Russian conquerors. But in spite of this, in spite of all the statesmen's speeches, all the paper documents and all the experts' calculations, no one knows how the gamble will turn out because the answer will come not from governments, constitutions, agreements or any known facts. It will come from the German people. People whose minds neither the Russians nor the West can fathom.

The conquerors have decided to trust the Germans—at any rate to gamble that they can be converted to democracy. For with their technical ingenuity, their courage, intelligence, and in spite of their political illiteracy, they are the core of the struggle for the world. And the struggle for their conversion to democracy or Communism, make no mistake, is only beginning.

The songs in the wine house were not of war but of love, springtime and wine, folk songs centuries old sung here to the jingling music-box tunes of a jolly old accordion player and his perspiring little band. "I wish I were a fish," the crowd chanted together, "if the Rhine were made of wine."

Sad songs, too, of the German earth, the Rhenish castles and the mighty days when Germany was young. As the music changed the laughter died and the singers, swaying hand in hand, were engulfed in the sickly sweet nostalgia





DIVISION

of Germany is symbolized by a Communist sign on the border facing Berlin's British sector.



EXODUS

to the West is a trickle at guarded points like Helmstedt, a flood at remote parts of the border.

of their race. Some women wept and the eyes of hardened soldiers turned misty.

While I sat watching this curious specimen of mass emotion, the kindly side of Germany's Jekyll-Hyde personality, my host introduced me to a handsome bronzed man of middle age, a former SS colonel who had lost an arm in the Normandy invasion. He clicked his heels together, greeted me warmly in perfect English, praised the gallant Canadian Army ("Ja, those boys could fight!") and then unconsciously disclosed the other side which no one in Europe is yet ready to trust.

His hour of talk was rambling, naïve and often childish but, I think, worth reporting. He spoke if not for half of the German nation at least for the dark half of the nation's character which is the main ingredient of the great gamble.

He defended with a quiet passion the "honor" of the German Army. He denounced the tales of its atrocities as cheap lies. He declared that Hitler had saved Germany from chaos, alas, with the final mistake of fighting too many nations at once instead of smashing them piecemeal as the army had planned it. After gushing with disagreeable self-pity for his country's poverty he scoffed at the Americans as idiots who had prevented Germany from



WRECKAGE

like once-gilded Memorial Church is still Berlin scenery. But behind bombed walls machinery hums.

extinguishing Communism once and for all. Even in the spring of 1945, he said, it would not have been too late. But the Americans lost their chance and must pay the penalty by fighting the Russians themselves.

"Still," he added cheerfully, "if they will give us arms we can push the Russians back where they belong. We could do it alone easily. Somebody must do it, you know!" Everything could have been so different, he went on, if the British and Americans had only understood the Germans. "Why should they hate Germany? After all, we only tried to do what the British and Americans did long ago. We needed a little more land, that's all."

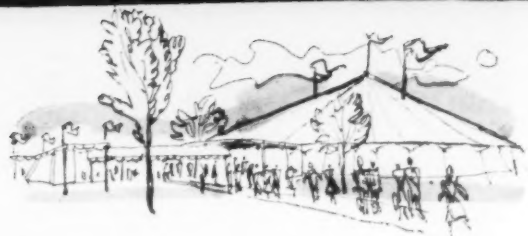
At the colonel's suggestion the innkeeper produced an elaborate picture book to prove the achievements of Hitler's Reich... the new buildings in Berlin, the superb roads, the giant industries, the marching troops, the rich farms, the happy homes, the young people disciplined and made happy by strength-through-joy.

"What do you think of that?" asked the colonel, and answered for me. "Hitler was a genius. I know because he was my friend. But he was not what you thought. No, he was something entirely different. Now I tell you something strange but true.

"When I first saw Hitler, I understood.

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The Silent Star of Stratford



Alec Guinness, Tyrone Guthrie and all those people
at the Festival, they couldn't see a fine actress
when she was under their noses.

But Karen had her own script
and life itself was her stage



A Short Story
By VERA JOHNSON

EVERY NIGHT the moths came to beat their wings against her window. As a little girl she had been afraid of the dark and even now—when she told people she was thirty-five and sometimes remembered uneasily that she was actually forty-seven—a lamp burned beside her bed to ward off the shadows. Drawn by the light, the moths hurled themselves against the pane, their wings making a horrible soft flapping noise against the glass. Once, in her dreams, a monstrous creature the size of an eagle had hurtled right through the glass and flown to her bed. Its hairy legs and soft pulpy body weighted down her chest and the drooping wings smothered her with a musty stench. After that, she took a sleeping pill every night. Perhaps it was because of the sleeping pills that she found it so hard to wake up in the mornings. Every day it seemed more of an effort. The harsh jangle of the alarm—a sound almost as horrible as the soft beat of moth wings—hammered into her skull with cruel insistence. Then she lay in the dark silence, letting her bruised mind slowly come to life. “Where am I?—what day is it?—what have I got to do?”

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSON



Karen buttonholed the star and told him of the record she had made of Portia. Guinness stood, expressionless.

On this particular morning the answers struggled laboriously from the drugged depths of her brain. She was in Stratford, Ontario. It was Monday, July 13, the day the Festival opened.

She unclosed her eyes slowly, squinting at the hard bright sunlight. Oh God, she thought, I can't face it. She covered her eyes with her hand, but the loud ticking of the clock continued to nag at her. At last she pushed herself up, swung her legs over the side of the bed and rested there for a moment. Downstairs she could hear the high-pitched whine of the vacuum cleaner. I must hurry, she told herself. I must get going.

Her toes explored beneath the bed, found slippers and slid into them. She walked groggily to the door and opened it, and the whine of the vacuum rose to a grating squeal. She fled from it to the bathroom, locked the door and ran the tap noisily.

It was always better after she had washed, needling her flesh with icy water. She could feel the life slowly coming back into her body, and her brain began to work.

Deliver the record to Guinness—that's the first thing, she reminded herself. Then buy a necklace to wear with her new dress, and call on Jenny, and she must see Alan even if it was only for a moment, and then—and then— . . . But she couldn't plan any further ahead until she had a cup of coffee.

Despite the urge for coffee which fluttered her stomach, she dressed with her usual care—girdle smoothed down over narrow hips, garters adjusted exactly, stocking seams centred, the sash of her dress tied with beautiful precision in an elaborate bow. She took the bobby pins from her hair and combed and brushed it into shape. Then came the ritual of making up—cold cream smeared on and wiped off, liquid powder smoothed over the wrinkles and crow's-feet, rouge applied in a red daub and then gently spread out under the cheekbones, eye shadow rubbed in, mascara brushed onto lashes that had been curled with a patented curler, eyebrow pencil stroked over the few hairs that had not been removed by tweezers and extended in a dramatic line, the outline of a Cupid's-bow mouth drawn with a brush dipped in lipstick and then patiently filled in, perfume daubed behind the ears and in the hollow of her throat.

At last she could take off the make-up cape and turn slowly before the mirror, inspecting herself from every angle. Watching her reflection, she began to feel herself a person again—as if the night had broken her into little bits and only now, when all the pieces had been assembled and welded, could she begin to function once more. A personality looked at her from the mirror—Karen Thorpe, actress. She dropped her eyelids, peering roguishly from beneath spiky lashes, and at the back of her mind she could hear a voice saying, “Beautiful, fascinating Karen Thorpe—smiling the enigmatic, haunting smile that has made her the toast of the continent and drawn men

to her as moths are lured by the brilliance of a candle flame."

No—not moths. The smile faded. She reached for her jewelry box, selected a pair of silver earrings, large and garish as a gypsy's, and screwed them into the lobes. A last lingering look—a pat of the hair—and she was ready to face the day.

Mrs. Osborne was in the kitchen when Karen made her entrance. Even after five weeks she was still enthralled by the phenomenon of a real live actress actually staying in the house, but this morning Karen found her attentions a little tedious. Mrs. Osborne was an avid listener, marveling and cluck-clucking in all the right places, but Karen had begun to tire of playing for the same audience day after day, especially when the audience was a dowdy middle-aged woman with a pudding face and no interests in life apart from her grandchildren.

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Osborne said, and "You don't say!" and "My, oh my!"—and every morning she warned Karen, "You'll make yourself ill if you keep on like that—just black coffee and a cigarette for breakfast."

Today she was all in a fluster about the opening of the Shakespearean Festival. "You can feel it just as soon as you step outside the door—the excitement. It's like a fever running through the town. Aren't you all on edge?"

Karen's smile was a trifle world-weary. "If you'd seen as many first nights as I have, Mrs. Osborne—" She shrugged her shoulders eloquently. "Besides, tonight I'll just be part of the audience. It's tomorrow I make my little effort." The intonation on the word "my" was perfect—self-deprecating, slightly rueful, and yet with implications of grandeur.

Mrs. Osborne was enraptured. "I wish I could see it," she said, "but I'll be baby sitting for my daughter tonight and tomorrow. Their tickets cost them three dollars—each!" She was torn between pride and horror at such extravagance. "Imagine—you could see six shows for that. They're going to a party afterwards, so I won't be home till all hours."

Karen looked at her watch and started. "Goodness—I'll have to hurry. I promised Alec Guinness to drop in with a recording he wanted to hear."

Mrs. Osborne was in ecstasy. "Oh my," she said, "imagine that."



She sighed happily, plump hands folded dreamily in her lap. Then she asked, "Is he as nice as they say he is?"

Karen smiled patronizingly. "Oh, Alec's a dear," she said lightly.

But as she walked along the street later—with the straw cart-wheel hat shading her face from the sun and her red-tipped nails sheathed in nylon gloves and the record in its cardboard case beneath her arm—she thought that perhaps the phrase had been excessive. He was nice enough—but nothing out of the ordinary. When she had talked to him about the recording of herself doing some of Portia's speeches, his manner had been—cold? distant? Maybe "disinterested" was a better word to describe it. "Just to give you a small idea of what I can do, Mr. Guinness," she had said. "I know you're frightfully busy, but it only takes three minutes and you can just keep it at home and whenever you have a spare moment—there's no rush at all, I'll be in Stratford till the Festival's over anyway—I'll just slip it in as I'm passing some day and you can return it whenever you're ready—" And all the time he had stood there, eyes squinting a little against the smoke that rose from his cigarette, face expressionless, saying nothing.

No, he was not really a "dear." None of the top people were. Once they had achieved success, they lost all interest in the people who were still struggling upwards. Younger artists like herself were the only ones with a real feeling for the theatre.

She thought bitterly of the effort it had cost her to land even a walk-on part in the Festival—the letters, the phone calls, the telegrams, the interviews, the finagling. They'd tried to brush her off as if she were some high-school juvenile, but she had refused to be ignored.

Even at the end, when they had suddenly relented, there had been a sting in the offer. She remembered Cecil Clarke's voice over the phone—"Dr. Guthrie has decided he would like to have one or two elderly ladies for the court scenes in All's Well and wondered if you were still interested." Her fingers had gripped the receiver and angry words leaped to her tongue—but you didn't talk that way to an assistant director, not when long years in the theatre had schooled you in self-control. A

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She swept over to the table. "How are you?" she called.

But the smiles of greeting definitely lacked enthusiasm.





Factories now cover the old Hiram Walker farm. Windsor's size has trebled in thirty years, but is far short of boom-time hopes: a million population.



Rumrunning in the Twenties gave Windsor easy money and a bad reputation. U.S. Coastguards are seen dumping a cargo of beer into the Detroit River.

The Salty Capital of Southern Canada

Windsor, Ont., has all but outgrown the juvenile delinquency of its rumrunning days in favor of industrial maturity. And it can give lessons in civic enterprise, racial tolerance and labor relations to almost any city in North America

By IAN SCLANDERS

PHOTOS BY KEN BELL

Windsor hates to be called "Detroit's Canadian suburb" but Windsorites bask happily under the spectacular skyline of the metropolis across the river.



THE TRICK of Windsor, the ninth largest and the most southerly city in Canada, is that it hasn't become a suburb of Detroit, which has eighteen times Windsor's population and is the fifth largest city in the United States.

Only the width of the Detroit River separates them. Detroit's main business section is within five minutes of Windsor by bridge or tunnel. They make the same products and go to the same ball games. Yet Windsor, with its stubby skyline dwarfed by Detroit's jutting towers, refuses to have its personality submerged in Detroit's shadows.

With three million residents Detroit is bustling, strident, hard-boiled, congested. Windsor, with one hundred and sixty-six thousand in its metropolitan area—one hundred and twenty-five thousand of them within its own limits—is as friendly as a small town and clings to pleasant small-town habits. The clerks in its stores still chat with the customers, anglers still dangle lines and legs over its wharves, and Windsor still takes a naive pride in its oddities and traditions.

One of its oddities is that it sits on a fabulous salt bed which provides shaker salt for Canada's tables, rock salt for Canada's cattle, calcium chloride for Canada's roads. Another is that Windsor is south of the border.

This geographic incongruity is explained by the fact that Windsor is on the Essex County Peninsula, a flat fertile finger of Ontario which extends under Michigan. Windsor looks northward across the broad Detroit River, chuckles that "it's cold up there," and invites Detroit to sample its "southern hospitality."

Windsor's traditions include a dish—fried fish, froglegs and chicken, an approximation of the feast

French settlers prepared two and a half centuries ago with sturgeon from the river, bullfrogs from the swamps and partridge from the flat grassy plains and tangled woods. Smacking their lips over it, Windsorites remember that Cadillac was originally a man, not a car—a French adventurer who founded Detroit and Windsor in 1701 and is supposed to have invented Windsor's favorite dinner.

A far more important Windsor tradition is a deep-rooted conviction that human beings are entitled to be treated as human beings, whatever the color of their skin. This dates from the days before the Civil War when the "underground railroad" smuggled United States slaves to the safety of Canada, with Windsor as its chief Canadian "station," and Windsorites aided hundreds of fugitive Negroes—one of them Josiah Henson, who was immortalized as Uncle Tom by the abolitionist author, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

While not two percent of its citizens are colored Windsor has a Negro chairman of its Board of Education, a Negro city solicitor and a Negro alderman. Each year it celebrates Emancipation Day, the anniversary of the freeing of the slaves in the U. S. Detroit, by contrast, has had violent race riots like those in 1943, in which thirty-four were killed and seven hundred injured.

The river over which one generation of Windsor men whisked fugitive slaves is the same river by which another generation ran rum from Canada to the United States. It flows through Windsor's whole history. Cadillac, who referred to it simply as *le détroit*—the strait—claimed it for France and himself because it was a gateway to the fur trade of the northwest. The English took it from the French. After the American Revolution it became

the boundary. In the War of 1812 Detroiters crossed it to capture Windsor and Windsorites chased them home and captured Detroit. In 1838 the Mackenzie-Papineau uprisings in Canada convinced Detroit that Windsor would like to be "liberated from the British." A motley brigade was rallied for this mission. Col. John Prince, commander of the Windsor garrison, warned that he'd repulse any attack and shoot the first five prisoners taken. That's what he did, although he relented at the last minute and told the prisoners they could run while they were being shot at. They ran like rabbits but the marksmanship of the firing squad was so accurate that none escaped.

There were no more military invasions but invasions by U. S. industrialists, tourists and labor unions have since made Windsor a major factory centre, Canada's biggest gateway for automobile traffic from the U. S., and a community where unionism is a dominant political and social force. Present-day Windsor has four hundred and seventy-one plants which manufacture more than half a billion dollars' worth of goods annually. More than five million American visitors pour through it each year. And all but a small proportion of its forty thousand workers belong to international unions. These workers have the highest average wages in the country.

The first U. S. industrialist to put down roots in Windsor was Hiram Walker. A transplanted New Englander, he opened a grocery store in Detroit and built a combined flour mill and distillery on this side in 1858. The mill failed but the distillery prospered enormously. Walker's "Club" whisky gained such popularity in the U. S. that his American competitors had a law passed compelling him to label his product

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Hiram Walker founded Windsor's first industry and it's still going strong, as shown by kegs awaiting refill. Hiram didn't approve of drink.



The famous tunnel puts Windsor five minutes and ten cents away from Detroit. A Salvation Army man raised twenty-four millions to finance it.



Windsor has race freedom. Dr. Roy Perry, shown with Nurse Joy Brooks and patient Hugh Miner, has many white patients and is an alderman.



Prosperous Windsorites have embraced the arts, and sculptor Ferenz Varga, formerly of Budapest, works overtime to fill his commissions.



Auto workers' unions are a big fact in Windsor's life. These Local 195 shop stewards in session represent workers in sixty Chrysler Co. plants.



Windsor's Emancipation Day is a bigger fiesta than in most U.S. cities. Miss Sepia winners are Ann Matthews, Jennie Davis and Louise Griffin.



CAN YOU DECIDE TO

X-rays

uncover deep-seated physical ills
but no instrument can detect,
no doctor can explain, the mysterious
factor which "wills" some people
to die while others,
gravely ill, triumphantly cling to life

STAY ALIVE ?

BY SIDNEY KATZ

THE PATIENT was an attractive woman of thirty-three. After the doctor saw the results of a routine chest examination he broke the bad news as gently as he could: "There are a few spots on your left lung. I don't think it's very far gone but you'd better enter a sanitarium for a while to clear them up."

He was amazed by her reaction. She shrugged and said: "I have nothing to live for, anyway." He then learned that she had just been through a painful and embarrassing divorce. Six months later she had shown no progress and the doctor had her transferred to a private nursing home. There she met a handsome engineer and fell deeply in love with him. Within seven months the lung was completely healed and she left the nursing home, exuding health and energy, to get married.

A year later she was back at the sanitarium, thin, depressed—and with spots on her lung. "My husband left me," she said. "I still love him but we can't get along." Later attempts at reconciliation failed. The disease spread rapidly and she died within a year.

On her death certificate the cause was listed as tuberculosis, but the doctor had to ask himself a serious medical question: Did that disease kill her, or was it two attacks, too close together, of "nothing to live for"?

An increasing number of doctors are encountering cases of this

kind for which there is no satisfactory medical explanation; patients who die prematurely because of an intangible force—a "will to die." And on the other hand patients who in the face of overwhelming odds are apparently able to prolong their lives because of a "will to live." Why? No laboratory test, no microscope or X-ray machine can reveal the mysterious forces which lie hidden behind these medical anomalies.

In its simpler forms this obscure relationship between body and mind is quite familiar. Most of us know people like the harried housewife who develops a headache whenever her children become obstreperous; or the tense businessman who breaks out in hives when an important business transaction is pending. But there is now growing evidence that the mind plays an important role in the cause, course or cure of more serious illnesses like tuberculosis, cancer, arthritis, rheumatism and heart disease.

With our growing insight into the workings of the human mind, doctors are asking provocative questions: do we become ill only when we want to become ill? Do we recover only when we want to recover? Do we choose our own illness? Do we choose the time of our death?

The mysterious inner resources of the human body show themselves in men and women who apparently have successfully "willed" a prolongation of their lives to achieve a personal goal. A university professor suffering from severe uremia—kidney poisoning—was given only a month or two to live. But he had one driving ambition. "I want to see my boy graduate in medicine," he said. He survived for over a year—long enough to see his son receive his medical degree and a gold medal. In a Toronto hospital a cancer patient whose disease was in an advanced stage confided to her doctor that there was only one thing she would like to do before she died—revisit her birthplace in England. The doctor was pessimistic but said, "You can go—if you show improvement." To everyone's amazement the progress of the disease was temporarily arrested. The patient took a plane overseas, spent three weeks there, then returned to the hospital and died shortly afterward. One physician told me about a bachelor uncle who was an enthusiastic amateur astronomer. In 1909 he was stricken with a virulent form of cancer but firmly insisted that he would live to see Halley's Comet, scheduled to appear during March 1910. Despite two surgical operations, the disease continued to ravage his body. His doctors regarded it as miraculous that by March he was still alive. Warmly clad and heavily drugged, he was carried out to the garden in a cot where he gazed at the heavenly phenomenon for an hour. He died the following day, grateful and contented.

Tuberculosis, which killed the young woman with two unhappy marriages, is one of the diseases whose connection with the emotions has been best established. This may seem strange since tuberculosis is also well known to be fostered by purely physical causes—malnutrition, overwork, poor housing. But if unhappiness can help TB kill, happiness can help cure it. Dr. George Day, an English physician, cites the case of a nineteen-year-old girl with both lungs so flaked with cavities that she was more dead than alive when she entered his sanitarium. Yet a number of years later he found her living happily in the country, performing all the household chores for her husband and nine children. Her lungs had completely healed. "Could it be," he speculated, "that it was the result of sheer contentment plus the gratification of her deep creative impulse?"

This down-to-earth woman has a sort of classic counterpart in Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who literally enjoyed poor health for many years. Illness gave her the right to a private room, special consideration from a large robust family, and brought a stream of visitors to her couch to hear her read her own poetry. Then she fell in love with the tempestuous Robert Browning, was rushed off to Italy and suddenly became well enough to climb mountains and to bear a healthy baby.

In a study Dr. Day made of a group of youthful sanitarium patients from a healthy environment a significant set of facts emerged. A high proportion of the girls were fresh from unhappy love affairs; many of the youths were having difficulty making decisions about education, marriage and employment. He concluded that the problems of growing up pressed so strongly on this group of patients that sickness came as a consolation—a comparatively pleasant escape from the realities of life. With regard to treatment Dr. Day observed, "I can't help these people get better if I can't change their pattern of thinking."

Similar observations are made in a report by Dr. C. Canby Robinson to the Commonwealth Fund,

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TWO WAYS TO HOOK A SUCKER

By James McNamee

ILLUSTRATED BY OSCAR

While the Trans-Canada Highway simmered in summer heat

and a parrot told of an illicit love

big deals were made in the shadows of the tavern

TO THOSE sitting around the table at the far end of the tavern, the highway, in the breathless heat, seen through the side windows, looked soft and distorted and gleamed like mercury and, in the yard, the white poplar stood as rigid as a piece of ornamental ironwork.

Through the lobby of the two-storied, mustard-colored hotel, the three men could hear the parrot the owner's wife kept upstairs in her bedroom squall, "Alec, oh, Alec," that being the name of a former waiter of whom the owner's wife was overly fond.

The owner, a thin, round-shouldered man whose hands shook, had not replaced the waiter, and sat with his two patrons, the middle-aged real-estate man, and the young teacher who during the summer tried to sell farms on commission and batched in a small shack at the edge of the village.

The real-estate man was talking of a syndicate that might be formed to build cottages at one of the fishing lakes, but the owner, whom the real-estate man had never been able to separate from a dollar, seemed more interested in their empty glasses and in not spilling the tobacco from the cigarette paper he held with his trembling hands.

The schoolteacher wished Alec had been with them instead of the owner. Alec would have slapped the table and hooted at the picture the real-estate man was painting of a summer resort at the lakes, and the real-estate man would have been driven to gaudier colors, and Alec would have thrown back his head and laughed, and so would they, then Alec would have put three beers on the table with the owner's compliments, which was something of a joke, too.

The parrot squalled, "Alec, oh, Alec!"

As the owner lit his cigarette, the real-estate man watched him. "That damned bird," he said, "sounds like your wife calling Alec."

The owner looked at the real-estate man and coughed with his lungs full of smoke. He picked up the empty glasses.

"Bring us two more," said the real-estate man.

The owner brought the beer, and sat moodily at the table, squinting his eyes to protect them against the soggy cigarette cradled in the corner of his mouth.

The teacher heard a car stop. Two women in white dresses stood in the entrance to the tavern. Two men joined them, and they came inside, choosing a table far enough from the windows to keep them in shade. The older man held up four fingers. The younger immediately did the same and said, "Make it eight." They both laid their hats on the table. Trout flies and fishhooks dotted the crowns and were pushed into the ribbons.

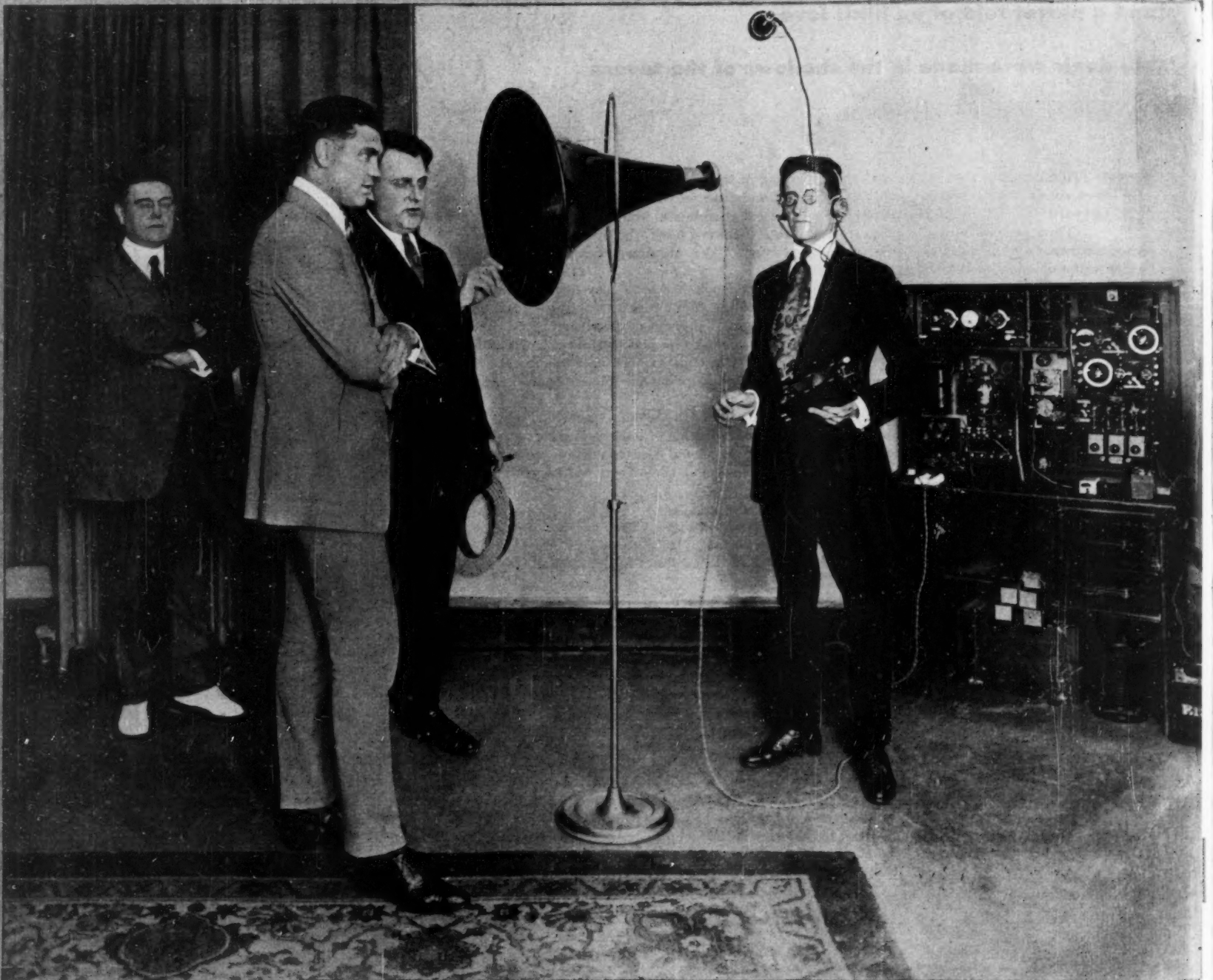
One of the young women had black hair, and a fine shape, and a healthy alertness in her manner.

"Maybe I know them," said the real-estate man. "The old one looks like Billy Redwood. He kept the garage in Slabtown." When the owner came back and sat at their table, the real-estate man asked, "Is it Billy Redwood?" The owner lifted his shoulders. "Who's the dark babe?" The owner shook his head. "I'm going over," said the real-estate man. "I think he's Billy Redwood."

He walked to the other table, and asked the older man, "Are you

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In Montreal in 1922 Tom Duggan (hand on trumpet mike) interviewed Jack Dempsey over CFCF. The excited listeners began to think it wasn't a fluke after all.

REMEMBER WHEN RADIO WAS THE RAGE?

*Before television shoves radio into the limbo hark back to the dizzy decade
when we all twiddled knobs to get that squeaky music
and roared with delight when the announcer forgot the mike was "live"*

By BOB COLLINS

ON THE NIGHT of March 28, 1922, eleven hundred Torontonians queued up in a driving rainstorm outside the Davenport Road Masonic Temple, crowded indoors a full hour before schedule and gathered around a square black box, three squat batteries and a large horn. Outside, police turned back hundreds more who had merely arrived a little early. In Ontario homes as far as one hundred and fifty miles away, in Belleville, Peterborough, Owen Sound and London, families crouched expectantly over complicated little boxes of their own.

This was the district's first major demonstration of a thing called "radio broadcasting." There'd been sporadic broadcasts of music and voices before but most people had dismissed them as either a hoax or a freak of telegraphy.

There seemed to be no tricks to this, though. Time and details of the program had been announced. The *Toronto Star* had assured its readers that "the only wires used at all are in the aerials at the sending and receiving stations and in the instruments themselves." Could it be that radio wasn't a fluke after all?

Three miles away in the bare makeshift studio of 9AH, experimental station of the Canadian Independent Telephone Company, a handful of musicians fidgeted nervously around a wooden funnel-shaped microphone. At eight-thirty an official in the Masonic Temple twiddled some controls. The box crackled.

"Men strained forward in their seats with hands cupped to their ears," the *Star* reported later. "Women were rigid as if carved from stone."

Suddenly faint piano strains of God Save the King tinkled through the hall. The audience sat spellbound, then belatedly sprang to attention. A soprano sang Down in the Forest and Annie Laurie. Everybody clapped. Luigi Romanelli's orchestra played Wabash Blues and Moonlight Serenade. Violin, piano and cello solos wheezed over the air waves. The Masonic Temple listeners applauded every number, ended with a rousing cheer and went home chattering like magpies.

Next day the home listeners mailed in compliments like "It was the loudest I have ever heard" and "We could even hear the announcer walking around."

All over Canada that spring listeners experienced the same excitement over the magical gadget that plucked music and voices out of the air. Canadians finally realized that the "wireless telephone" was more than a plaything and, in that year, radio swept the country.

A month after the 9AH broadcast the Canadian government granted the first commercial radio licenses. By year's end thirty-four stations were operating from coast to coast and a rollicking slap-happy pioneer decade was under way.

In crude cubbyhole studios a new race of entertainers began to experiment with a challenging new medium, committing ludicrous blunders but building the framework of modern broadcasting. At home a nation of pioneer listeners tuned in to everything and loved it all.

It was a rip-roaring carefree decade agog with exciting things like open-top roadsters, the Charleston and bootleg gin. But nothing was more thrilling in the giddy Twenties than radio. It was the decade when every boy kept a crystal set under his bed or out in the hen house; when father sat up half the night with headphones clamped to his skull; when families invited sceptical neighbors over for an evening of radio, only to have a tube or battery conk out or a program fizzle away in static; when railway coaches had radio sets and Canada had its first network.

It was the decade when radio listeners embraced Amos 'n' Andy, Rudy Vallee, Dempsey and Tunney, Babe Ruth and songs like Yes Sir, That's My Baby and It Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'.

Broadcasting was actually more than two years old in the spring of 1922. Amateur stations had been transmitting programs of a sort since Decem-



The CNR was a radio pioneer, owning a chain of stations and offering programs in special cars en route.

ber 1919 when the Canadian Marconi Company's transmitter, XWA, in Montreal, began a regular schedule of code practice and phonograph records from a bare factory room.

That same month in a Montreal *Star* brimming with World War I peace-treaty news, Marconi advertised wireless receiving sets for fifteen dollars: Just the Christmas Gift for Your Boy.

In May 1920 XWA transmitted an experimental program to Ottawa's Chateau Laurier one hundred miles away. A Royal Society of Canada audience including Sir Robert Borden, the Duke of Devonshire, William Lyon Mackenzie King and Vilhjalmur Stefansson heard a soloist and gramophone records that were recognizable if indistinct.

In the next two years other amateur stations broadcast spasmodically but radio was still regarded as a boy's hobby. Astonishingly enough, the average boy could master it too. In spite of the clicks, bleeps, mysterious squeals and long baffling silences he could coax code and even music from the air with a crystal, a few dry cells, a pair of headphones, a wire-wrapped oatmeal box for an aerial and a wire probe called a "cat's whisker."

That first reception was the thrill of a lifetime. Art Mills, a broadcasting pioneer in Yorkton, Sask., recalls the night he pieced together a

receiver, using a wire arm-band for a rheostat. Then "quite by accident I think, I got a squeal from the headphones. With my heart beating wildly and hardly daring to breathe I distinctly heard a voice say, 'This is the Palmer School of Chiropractics station, WOC, Davenport, Iowa, the state where the tall corn grows.'"

The first commercial license went to CJGC, the Manitoba (later Winnipeg) Free Press station, in May 1922. A landslide of stations followed. Most were owned by newspapers or by firms handling electrical equipment. A few of the 1922 pioneers still exist, including the onetime XWA, now CFCF, Montreal, still owned by Marconi.

Launching a radio station was relatively simple in those days. Ernie Swan, now a Toronto television dealer, opened CKPR, Midland, Ont., with an up-to-the-minute transmitter which cost three thousand nine hundred dollars. (Transmitter prices start at forty-four thousand nowadays.) With a five-hundred-dollar aerial and one assistant, Swan was in the radio-station business.

At first stations broadcast only an hour or two a day or perhaps only once a week, generally with phonograph records, news, market reports, sport scores and, now and then, a quavery soprano singing Listen to the

Continued on page 34



From the Fort Garry Hotel, Winnipeg, in 1925, the music of Irvin Plumm's orchestra hit the prairie ether.



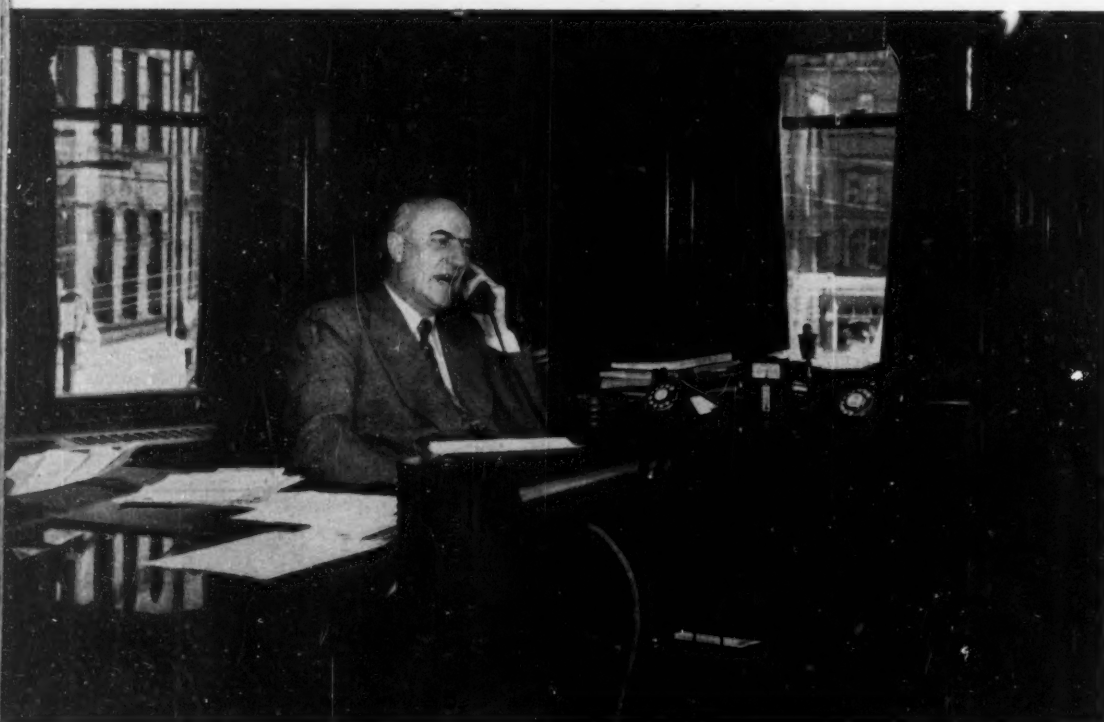
Oil is K. C. Irving's background but his twenty businesses include the Saint John, N.B., transit system and more land than Prince Edward Island.

The Wrong Way to Make Millions

K. C. Irving has made a fool of legend: A Maritimer, he stayed home. A lone wolf, he battled the eastern combines. A brand-new capitalist, he bought dying businesses. And, even as a genuine tycoon, he only wants to be left alone

By DAVID MacDONALD

PHOTOS BY CLINT



Irving is a two-desk executive. He runs the Maritimes' biggest business from a luxurious office hidden in a dingy old building overlooking the Saint John waterfront where Irving tankers dock.

KENNETH COLIN IRVING, a hawk-faced native son of Buctouche, N.B., has pulled what, by all odds, seem like three colossal boners.

The first was failing to depart from New Brunswick as soon as he had reached the age of reason. For longer than they care to recall, many citizens of that province have felt that the first step to success is to pack up and leave. Cases in point are Lord Beaverbrook, Sir James Dunn, Bonar Law, R. B. Bennett and Louis B. Mayer.

Irving's second apparent bloomer, committed at the age of twenty-five, was in trying to buck the biggest oil company in Canada with a single gasoline tank and not even sufficient cash to pay for it.

The third was getting into the lumber business during the depression when prudent men were hastily getting out of it.

Such consistent rashness has left K. C. Irving today, at fifty-four, the most powerful figure in New Brunswick and reputedly the wealthiest man in the Maritime provinces. His various interests are now calculated to be worth more than one hundred million dollars.

His lone gas tank has developed into a large oil company with a string of twelve hundred retail outlets in the Maritimes and Quebec. He sells as much gas and oil in the east today as does Imperial Oil, the colossus he brashly took on.

His timber holdings, a million and a half acres, are larger than Prince Edward Island. He owns or controls lumber and pulp mills in New Brunswick, New York, Maine and Quebec, the biggest of which is currently undergoing a twenty-million-dollar expansion.

He has two hundred buses which carry passengers and freight on the highways of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island and provide the transit systems in Saint John, Moncton and Fredericton. His Irving Oil Company alone controls twenty-four subsidiary firms which sell cars, hardware, auto accessories and real estate, operate ocean-going tankers and own an hotel. He also has growing oil and shipping interests in Panama and other Caribbean countries.

His hold is said to extend much further. Though he refuses to confirm or deny it, Irving is reputed to be controlling shareholder in three of New Brunswick's four English-language daily newspapers—the Saint John Telegraph-Journal and Evening Times-Globe, the Moncton Times-Transcript—and was regarded, until the Liberal Government was swept out of office last fall, as a backstage political string-puller. He has often been styled "The Man Who Owns New Brunswick," and has earned this sobriquet without migrating further than the one hundred and twenty-five miles from Buctouche to Saint John.

Irving's influential position was noted two years ago in the New Brunswick legislature. When a bill granting wide powers of expropriation to the Irving Pulp and Paper Company came before a House committee for scrutiny, Harold Atkinson, a Liberal member, told his colleagues bluntly, "New Brunswick needs Irving a great deal worse than Irving needs New Brunswick."

Yet most of the ten thousand people who work for Irving, and the added thousands who know his name, know slightly less about K. C. himself than they do of, say, Greta Garbo. Irving, too, wants to be left alone. He hates publicity and has been remarkably adept at avoiding it. His name isn't in any Who's Who, not even the local publication, New Brunswick Names. He is seldom mentioned in the newspapers.

To those who do not know him—that is, nearly everybody in New Brunswick—Irving's name conjures up the picture of a high-powered overlord who swaggers about exuding wealth and ill-temper. Yet Irving is a quiet, almost painfully polite man who "sirs" and "mistresses" bank presidents and janitors with equal sincerity. He wears conservative business suits and tame ties, pierced by a small diamond stickpin, his only outward sign of opulence. He doesn't drink or smoke and his strongest oaths run to "heck" and "gosh-darn." He owns a Cadillac but usually drives a medium-priced Meteor (he sells them), doesn't tip lavishly and lives in a large house on Saint John's fashionable Mount Pleasant that is well appointed but not elaborate.

Six feet tall, Irving carries his two hundred pounds lightly. He has deep-set even grey eyes, a prominent aquiline nose and a straight mouth that often twists up into a smile. His brows are dark and heavy and, whenever possible, he keeps his silver-ringed bald head covered with a snap-brim fedora.

He is a highly controversial figure. According to his enemies, not a few of whom have been beaten by him in business deals, his sole interest in life is in making more money. His admirers say that, even so, New Brunswick could use more men like him. Some labor leaders have branded him a union-busting reactionary and called for a public investigation of his companies. Other labor leaders defend him as a shrewd but high-principled employer.

On two points his admirers and his detractors are agreed: he drives his employees hard and he works himself harder. He once told a group of friends, "The trouble with many businessmen is that when they have made some progress they sit back and rest." Irving seldom rests. When he is in Saint John his work day runs from twelve to sixteen hours.

Irving has four telephones in his home and keeps one of them at his elbow during breakfast. Pampering an old stomach ulcer, he picks his diet carefully and eats slowly. He has put in an hour's work by the time he arrives at the dingy wedge-shaped waterfront building that houses the Irving Oil Company. The outer offices are drab and crowded but Irving's is paneled in dark oak, with rich blue carpeting and brown velvet drapes. He sits between twin glass-topped desks, swiveling around to pick up telephones that jangle constantly and to answer a squawking office intercom.

He is away from Saint John half the time. In a single year (1948) Irving spent eight hundred hours in the air in his private plane, covering about one hundred and twenty thousand miles. He adds thousands more by rail, car, ship and airline. A commercial traveler from Moncton saw Irving at Montreal Airport one day last year. He was carrying on conversations in three telephone booths at once, like a nervous bookmaker before post time.

His trips are seldom planned more than an hour in advance. One Sunday a few years ago his wife, Harriet, phoned him in Buctouche. She was told he'd left for Liverpool, N.S. Liverpool said he was en route to Quebec. She finally located him that night in New York.

Two years ago Irving narrowly missed death when his Grumman Mallard burst into flames and crashed on a take-off from Saint John. He crawled out with singed hair, calmly went back to his office and put in a day's work.

Though he employs a staff of highly able deputies, Irving doesn't delegate much authority. "He's a one-man show," says Senator Neil McLean, of Saint John. "He may listen to the men around him but he makes all the decisions." Duncan Wathen, an Irving trouble shooter, says: "When your boss knows more

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Irving Building Co. puts up Irving gas station. On a similar job he fell and broke some ribs.



At home in Saint John, Irving remains on the job with plug-in phones handy in nearly every room.



I'm the Invisible Man

Ever tried to signal a taxi on a wet night?

Ever tried to catch a waitress' eye?

Ever run for, and just miss, the last bus?

Maybe you, too, disappear from view when you most want to be seen

By STUART TRUEMAN

Illustrated by William Winter

NEW TECHNIQUES of camouflage, it says in the papers, are constantly being developed. I wish whoever is doing it would ask me about it. I might be able to help them. I have the ability at times to be absolutely invisible, but I don't know how I do it.

For instance, when I sit at the long counter in a restaurant something happens to me. I become completely transparent. The waitresses walk right past, unable to see my beckoning finger or even hear me whistle. When they take the orders of the people sitting on either side of me they stare intently at the customers' faces, oblivious of the fact that I am constantly raising my eyebrows and clearing my throat and fidgeting on my seat.

My transparency lasts for several minutes, while the girls wash the dishes and wipe up the counter under my anxious nose and ask each other if they saw that cute fellow named Frank at the dance last night.

When finally I come into focus they are always surprised. One says in wonderment, "Hasn't your order been taken yet?"—implying that if it hasn't I have only myself to blame if I want to sit around invisibly.

On the other hand, I can become conspicuously apparent to the waitresses by picking up the menu and puzzling over what to order. Immediately they

all take turns asking me what I'd like and I have to keep explaining that I'm just looking to see.

As soon as I decide and lay the menu down, I vanish completely again. They all walk past me. Even when I push the pie plate of the last customer as far away as possible, so they won't think I've just finished it, they can't see me until the transparency wears off.

I can only assume that I am always invisible for several minutes, but the menu, not being a part of me, isn't. Therefore when they see it suspended in mid-air they know somebody must be holding it.

It is peculiar, though, that the other day when I walked out invisibly after my lunch, unnoticed by the waitresses or the chattering tables, and then hastily returned in dismay because I'd discovered I had the wrong raincoat on, everyone saw me without any trouble. All conversation ceased abruptly. Everybody turned to stare in amazement. You would think I had come back blowing a trumpet. Someone shouted, "Back for supper?" and everyone guffawed. Threading my way in growing embarrassment to the hat rack I heard a waitress at the counter exclaim unkindly loud, "Look—that man is changing coats!" and the tables rocked with laughter. Somebody called out, "Pick a good one this time!" and the whole place roared.

In panic I pulled on my own raincoat, snatched

up my rubbers from the floor and got out as fast as I could. It was only a few moments afterward that I discovered I was carrying a pair of rubbers and wearing a pair.

The same will-o'-the-wisp characteristics often come over me outdoors. When I'm waiting for a bus in the morning I apparently fade out to a pale streak of light. My car-driving friends look right through me at the scenery and whizz past.

But on Saturday afternoons, when I'm out hiking for the exercise, they see me in an instant. I've faded in again; I'm as clear as a bell. They spot me immediately from three hundred yards away, even when I hide behind a bush, and halt their cars and honk and shout, "Going to town?"

Sometimes as many as three cars shriek to a stop simultaneously, nearly bumping into each other in their eagerness to give me a lift. It's hard to keep pointing out that I'm just walking. It doesn't make sense. They don't believe me. They think I'm afraid to drive with them.

In addition to my knack of complete self-effacement I can make any part of myself invisible. When I put on the fancy hand-knit diamond socks I got for Christmas, of which I am very proud, my legs promptly disappear as far as my friends are concerned. I can sit with my knees crossed and the socks plainly showing, and they can't see them.

When, in desperation, I pull up my pant legs and stretch my legs over the arm of the chair and pointedly ask a friend, "Do you believe it's true that some people's ankles aren't both the same size?" he looks down thoughtfully and says, "I can't see any difference in mine."

But the day I wore the mismatched blue socks to work—the day I overslept and had to run for the bus—everybody noticed them. The news was flashed around the office in seconds. Stenographers brought in giggling friends from other departments to stroll past my desk and steal a look. I overheard several agree in whispers that I was just like a man, which at least reassured me in a belief I had long entertained.

When I went out for lunch I hurriedly let down my braces a notch so my pant cuffs would almost drag; but it was no use. Everyone I met on the street was someone I knew, and everyone realized it was a compelling duty of friendship to bring my socks to my attention, apparently with the thought that I could sit down on the sidewalk, take one off, pull another out of my pocket to match the remaining one, and put it on.

It got so that whenever I saw anyone approaching with eyebrows upraised to speak and one arm extended to tap me on the shoulder, I just said, "Yes, I know," and kept going.

Further details I will gladly give to the proper authorities free of charge, and they are welcome to come and see me at any time. That is, if they can see me. ★

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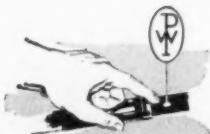
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Maclean's Movies



Massey and Grayson revive *The Desert Song*: Music listenable; plot indigestible.

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BRANDY FOR THE PARSON: Fashioned along the same general lines as the well-remembered *Tight Little Island*, this rambling little British comedy offers several funny moments. It's about a pair of holidaying lovebirds who become the unwilling accomplices of a smuggler.

THE DESERT SONG: Romberg's well-worn songs are still quite listenable, but the story's mixture of corn and sand is getting fairly hard to swallow. With Gordon MacRae, Kathryn Grayson, Raymond Massey.

DESPERATE MOMENT: A British-made melodrama about a German prisoner (Dirk Bogarde) who breaks jail and tries to clear his name on a murder rap while escaping from the police. The plot is threadbare, but is given more conviction than usual by superb photography of actual locales in Berlin and Hamburg.

IT HAPPENS EVERY THURSDAY: A big-city reporter (pleasantly underplayed by John Forsythe) and his ever-lovin' wife (cloyingly overplayed by Loretta Young) try their hand at running a broken-down country weekly. Rating: fair.

LAW AND ORDER: You wouldn't be insulting this competent but thinly fleshed western if you called it the poor man's *High Noon*. A peace-loving marshal (Ronald Reagan) buckles on his holster jes' once mo' to scatter the evildoers before he retires for keeps.

NEVER LET ME GO: A dauntless Yankee newshawk (Clark Gable) has to perform incredible deeds of derring-do to rescue his Russian ballerina bride (Gene Tierney) from her oppressive homeland. A likeable Englishman in the same fix (Richard Haydn) helps to brighten this fast, preposterous comedy-drama.

SANGAREE: A brawling, bosomy mellerdrammer of the Old South, in Technicolor 3-D. The visual "depth" illusion is often pretty persuasive, but the crowded story of passion and intrigue has no depth whatsoever. With Fernando Lamas, Arlene Dahl.

THE YELLOW BALLCON: A cracking good suspense yarn from Britain. Exciting and believable things happen after a ruthless smoothie (William Sylvester) convinces a terrified small boy (Andrew Ray) that the police are pursuing both of them.

Gilmour Rates

Anna: Italian melodrama. Fair.
Blue Gardenia: Mystery drama. Fair.
Count the Hours: Whodunit. Poor.
The Cruel Sea: Navy drama. Excellent.
Cry of the Hunted: Drama. Fair.
Desert Rats: War drama. Good.
Destination Gobi: War yarn. Fair.
Elizabeth Is Queen: Coronation. Good.
Farmer Takes a Wife: Betty Grable in costume musical. Fair.
The Girl Who Had Everything: Crime and romance. Fair.
The Girls of Pleasure Island: Romantic comedy. Fair.
Henry V (reissue): Shakespeare. Tops.
Hiawatha: Longfellow's Indians. Fair.
The Hitchhiker: Suspense. Excellent.
Houdini: Hoked-up biography. Fair.
I Confess: Suspense drama. Good.
Invaders From Mars: Adventure. Poor.
Jeopardy: Suspense drama. Good.
Lili: Musical fantasy. Excellent.

The Lane Hand: Western. Fair.
Long Memory: British drama. Fair.
Man in the Dark: 3-D drama. Fair.
Moulin Rouge: Drama. Excellent.
The Net: Aviation drama. Good.
The Passionate Sentry: Comedy. Fair.
Peter Pan: Disney cartoon. Excellent.
Pickup on South Street: Drama. Good.
The President's Lady: U. S. historical drama. Good.
A Queen Is Crowned: The Coronation in Technicolor. Excellent.
Raiders in the Sky: RAF drama. Good.
Salome: Sex-and-religion. Fair.
Small Town Girl: Comedy. Fair.
Split Second: Suspense. Good.
The Stars Are Singing: Musical. Good.
The System: Crime melodrama. Fair.
Take Me to Town: Comedy. Fair.
Titanic: Drama at sea. Fair.
Trouble Along the Way: Comedy. Good.
The Vanquished: Old South drama. Poor.



Quebec, painted for the Seagram Collection by Lorne Bouchard, A.R.C.A.



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normal people without ill effect. That's why you can take ASPIRIN with complete confidence.

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12 Tablets 19¢
24 Tablets 29¢
100 Tablets 79¢

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Can You Decide to Stay Alive?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

New York. In over one third of the tubercular patients studied there were "long emotional conflicts and strain from which there was no adequate escape." It was found that "social and emotional disturbances are related to TB both as a cause and as a result of illness." A review of the patients' background revealed that those with emotional disturbances had a more rapidly advancing type of TB than patients who were free from strain.

A staff member of a large hospital tells of a thirty-four-year-old patient who was bedridden with rheumatoid arthritis. His heart was set on going home, a hundred miles away, for his daughter's fifth birthday. A three-day visit was arranged. When he was wheeled into his apartment his wife was entertaining a man. From friends he learned that his wife was having an affair with him. On his return to hospital the patient complained of intense pains. He could not keep down food. In a few weeks he died. The hospital staff member observed, "His death cannot be explained by his illness; he could have gone on living for another twenty years. But the will to live had suddenly disappeared."

There was a hale and hearty seventy-year-old farmer living in retirement with his wife in the farmhouse he had built and in which he had raised his family. His nephew, now running the farm, was about to be married. The family decided that the homestead should be turned over to the nephew and his bride. For the elderly couple a modern four-room bungalow would be

built in a corner of the farm. The old man's protests were in vain. He showed no interest in the progress of his new home. "I won't be alive to live in it so I don't care how you build it," he said repeatedly. The old man, who hadn't been sick in twenty years, fell ill a month before he was supposed to move. The family doctor was unable to diagnose the illness. Within two weeks he was dead.

Heart disease is civilization's greatest killer and there are more than twenty types of heart ailments. Yet even this black picture is complicated by the fact that fully half the patients who visit doctors complaining of all the symptoms of heart trouble actually have nothing wrong with their hearts. "I'm nervous, the depressed and the anxious fill the rounds of our days," says Dr. Gordon A. Copping, assistant professor of medicine at McGill University.

One doctor tells of seeing a sixty-year-old widower who had all the recognized signs of heart failure. The doctor could find nothing wrong physically, but the patient told a tale of woe that the doctor regarded as significant. It had taken the widower thirty-five years to build up a manufacturing business. His greatest hope had been to pass on his business to his two sons. But now he had become involved in litigation over patents and was threatened with complete ruin. Six months later the patient returned. His condition was now worse—his blood pressure was up and his heart was enlarged. "I've lost the first trial," he told the doctor, almost in tears. "It's only a matter of time before they've taken away everything from me." However, a year later the doctor was surprised to find his patient in excellent health. He had won his second trial and the future of his business was assured.



WOMEN TODAY...

They do most of the family buying, much of family banking. They find the bank a safe, handy place to keep money; they like to pay larger bills by cheque. Going to the bank is often as much a part of the shopping day as a trip to the local stores.

THE BANKS SERVING YOUR COMMUNITY



"I'd like you to meet the wife."

Rheumatic and arthritic diseases, too, are more and more being referred to by doctors as "diseases of our civilization." These maladies, once regarded as penalties of old age, now claim most of their victims between twenty and fifty, with a peak just under age forty. More than six hundred and fifty thousand Canadians are afflicted, including a hundred thousand totally or partially disabled by the most virulent form, rheumatoid arthritis. Many doctors find a significant number of cases in which the onset comes at the time when the patient suffers a reverse in his personal life.

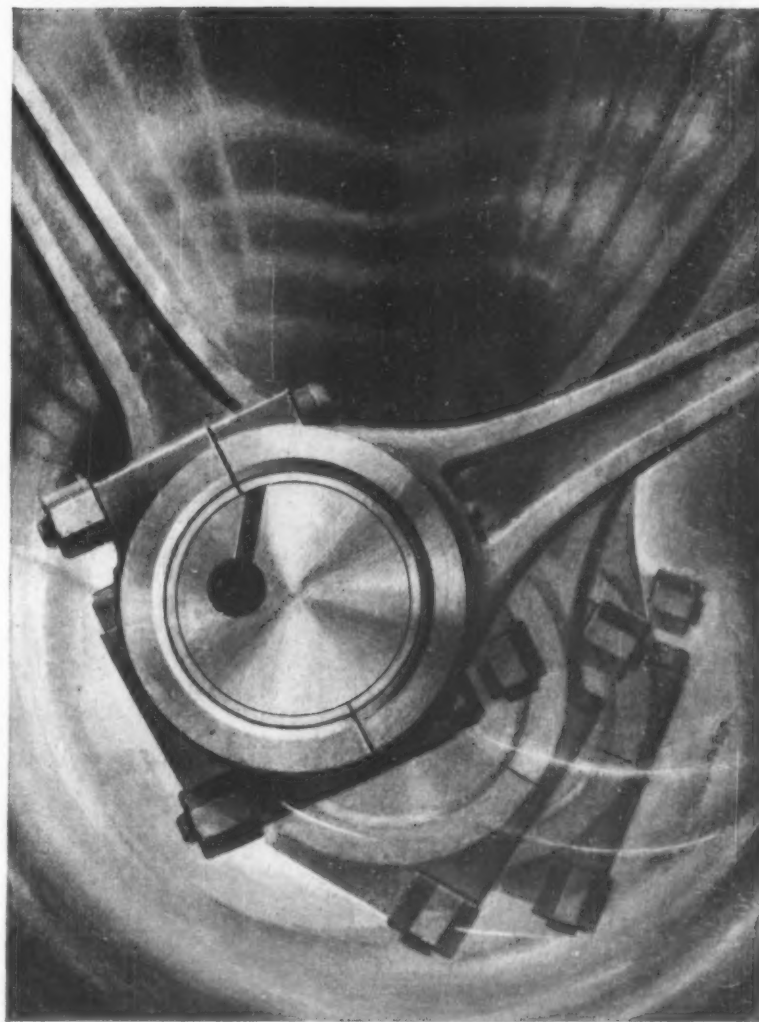
An unmarried man of forty-five lived with his mother all his life. She died early Christmas morning. Before the day was over he experienced swelling and pain in his finger joints which later was diagnosed as rheumatoid arthritis. A woman developed the same disease after being forced to live in the country, which she hated. When she moved back to the city her crippling symptoms all but disappeared. Another woman developed a severe case of muscular rheumatism (the "fibrositis syndrome") when she learned that her son was in jail. "Probably most cases of the fibrositis syndrome are precipitated by emotional causes," says Dr. Wallace Graham, of Toronto, a leading Canadian authority on arthritic and rheumatic diseases. "The symptoms usually disappear when the life situation clears up."

It would be easy to attribute the rising incidence of emotionally-caused disease to the hazards of civilization, a penalty of the fast pace of modern life—except that primitives suffer from it even more mysteriously. It has been established, Drs. W. Proctor Harvey and Samuel A. Levine maintain in a report to the Journal of the American Medical Association, that a perfectly healthy person can be "frightened to death." The doctors state that the emotional terror caused by a voodoo death curse can start a chain of events leading to death. Evidence of this is offered by Sir Baldwin Spence, a University of Melbourne biologist, who for several years studied the hexing practices of the Arunta tribe in Central Australia. At Barrow Creek a native with a superficial spear wound on his back told him that his injury was fatal because the weapon had been "sung," or charged with evil powers by a special

rite. He visibly faded away within a few days. Another native, from Tennant Creek, with nothing more serious than a slight cold, complained that a group of his enemies twelve miles away had "taken out my heart." He lay down and wasted away. To Spencer's scientific eye these were examples of the death wish being realized. "It is not possible to explain these deaths in any other way," he says.

The influence of the mind over the body is particularly evident in later life. The older person who feels useless and unwanted rapidly deteriorates. On the other hand a spirited will to keep going enables him to be useful and productive. Recently a study was made of twenty-five older women—most of them over seventy—employed in a sheltered workshop in Toronto. An unexpected finding was a good attendance record, in spite of such disabilities as poor vision, heart disease, arthritis and diabetes. It was later found that the explanation lay in their indomitable determination to keep going. A woman of seventy-five who broke her arm spent two hours a day swinging it to exercise it. The pain brought tears to her eyes but she persisted. "I refuse to be a cripple," she explained. A woman of eighty was knocked down by a car on her way to work. Ignoring the pain in her back she continued on her way and put in a full day at her sewing table. Later she told me, "There's a germ in me that says, 'Don't give in!'"

Not so many years ago a distinguished medical professor used to tell his students, "I have examined tens of thousands of pieces of human tissue under the microscope and I have yet to see a trace of the human soul." He was attempting to drive home the fact that medical science could explain physically the cause of all human disease. Doctors today tend to be far less dogmatic. They have seen that despite the introduction of new drugs, new surgical procedures and new diagnostic equipment they are still far from conquering or understanding illness. All the probing suggests the presence of unknown factors in disease—personal and spiritual—which may be even more basic than the ones that can be seen by X-ray and microscope. These are the factors which veil the mysteries of health and sickness, life and death, which doctors can't explain. ★



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Two Ways to Hook a Sucker

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Billy Redwood?" The man looked surprised, and so did the stout girl sitting next to him, and he said he was not Billy Redwood, his name was Walter Redwood.

"Billy's brother?" asked the real-estate man.

"Billy's brother."

"I thought so," said the real-estate man. "You look like Billy. I used to know Billy when he kept the garage."

Billy's brother asked the real-estate man to sit down.

"Can my friend come over?" asked the real-estate man.

The man said any friend of a friend of Billy was a friend of his. He and the others in the party shuffled their chairs. The real-estate man took chairs from another table and put one next to the young woman with the black hair, and the other between the stout young woman and Billy's brother.

The brother made the introductions. The stout young woman was his daughter. The younger man was a Mr. Wadsworth, the teacher thought, or Wadsworth or Woodward. The shapely young woman with the black hair was Eva, Eva Bourgeois, or Boisjoli, or some such French name. She acknowledged the introduction with the swift, natural animation of her race. The real-estate man had taken the chair next to her.

"Good old Billy," said the real-estate man.

Sweat filmed the upper lip of the

stout girl. She tugged at her clothes. A ball of sweat erratically rolled down the side of her father's chin. Half-moons of sweat spread under the arms of Mr. Wadsworth. The brassy heat seemed to have bludgeoned everyone but Eva.

"Good old Billy," said the real-estate man.

Had Alec still been serving beer, the schoolteacher thought, and not the owner with his sunken, putty face and trembling hands, those at the table would have felt more at home. Alec would have looked boldly at the girls, as he had looked at the owner's wife, and taken a crack at the real-estate man to get him talking great guns on a hundred subjects quite apart from Billy Redwood.

The parrot in the bedroom of the owner's wife squalled, "Alec, oh, Alec!"

"Who's Alec?" asked Eva.

"He doesn't live here any more," said the real-estate man.

"Who wants him?" asked Eva.

"A lady upstairs," the real-estate man said, raising his voice to be sure the owner at the bar heard him.

The owner twisted his wet cigarette from one corner of his mouth to the other, and looked at the real-estate man without appreciation or any show of friendship in his eyes.

The parrot squalled, "Alec, oh, Alec!"

"Sounds nuts," said Eva.

"Is nuts," said the real-estate man, "hasn't been out of the room for two days."

Not since Alec had left, the schoolteacher reflected.

"Let's finish our beer," said Mr. Wadsworth, Wadsworth, Woodward.

Mr. Wadsworth was, the schoolteacher thought, a dainty man. He had small, pearly teeth, immaculate nails and a wedding ring on his finger. He seemed disturbed at the interest the real-estate man took in Eva, and in pain, but with mind made up not to lose the brave, set smile of a perfect gentleman. He sat as close to Eva as he could. The schoolteacher asked the stout girl about him, and she said he was traveling the prairies for an investment corporation in Toronto, had met Eva about a week ago and ever since followed her around like a dog.

"Eva, finish your beer," said Mr. Wadsworth.

The stout girl had said dog, and the teacher saw a trace of dog in Mr. Wadsworth's demeanor. A gentle little dog. He waited with a dog's patience for Eva to throw him a word. His eyes never left her. A suffering little dog. A groomed and antiseptic little dog who knew it was bad to snap and show jealousy.

Eva had fun with the real-estate man. He got the idea across that he was a man of the world and she wasn't any slouch either. He gave her a sales talk, he himself being the property involved. Eva winked at the stout girl.

"We have to go," said Mr. Wadsworth.

The teacher bought the party a round of beer. Mr. Wadsworth, to make room for the glasses, took his hat with all the fishhooks off the table and held it on his knees. "We have to go," he said.

Eva gave no sign of having heard. She reminded the schoolteacher of the owner's wife sitting with her husband and Alec in the lobby. She had not shared her attention between them but kept it all on Alec and his big, impudent mouth.

"We must be going," said Mr. Wadsworth.

"Ah, tell him to shut up," the real-estate man told Eva.

Mr. Wadsworth had the slightly pre-

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occupied air of a gentleman being tortured.

"When I'm in town," the real-estate man said, "I stop at the National."

Eva winked at the stout girl. "I won't forget."

"I hurt myself," Mr. Wadsworth said. The schoolteacher saw nothing wrong with him. "I've hurt myself," Mr. Wadsworth said, "badly." He raised his left hand above the edge of the table, fingers extended, the palm toward them, and in the flesh at the base of the thumb was jabbed a large fishhook. "Look!" said Mr. Wadsworth. The indomitable smile showed a sliver of his pearly upper teeth. "I can't pull it out," Mr. Wadsworth said. He spoke only to Eva, and held out the hand for her examination. Blood dripped off the barb, and she edged over on her chair to protect her white dress. Mr. Wadsworth said, "I put my hand in my pocket."

No one believed him. "He keeps a hook loose like that in his pocket?" the real-estate man asked Eva. Mr. Wadsworth held up his hand to Eva, in the manner of a dog with a sore paw. The spectacle did not please. There was degradation in it. The schoolteacher felt unreasonably annoyed and would have kicked Mr. Wadsworth before he would have offered to help with the fishhook. "I can't get it out," Mr. Wadsworth said.

To clear the air of embarrassment, the real-estate man started talking to Eva.

"Eva," said Mr. Wadsworth, "what shall I do?" "Ah, tell him to get a pair of pliers and cut off the barb," the real-estate man told Eva. Eva spoke to Mr. Wadsworth. She indicated the owner. "He may have pliers. You could find a pair in the car. You should wash that."

"I can't get it out," Mr. Wadsworth said.

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"Eva," said Mr. Wadsworth, "what shall I do?" "Ah, tell him to get a pair of pliers and cut off the barb," the real-estate man told Eva.

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THE REAL-ESTATE man talked of himself and life as he knew it in the big town, and Eva inclined toward him, winking her off eye at the Redwoods. They relished every lying word.

Mr. Wadsworth sat neglected. Blood trickled onto his cuff. He watched the spread of color. He glanced at Eva to see if she, too, had noticed it, then stood up and walked toward the bar.

The schoolteacher saw the owner shake his head over Mr. Wadsworth's hand. He found a pair of pliers under the counter, and when he snipped the barb, they shook like an animal in his trembling fingers. While Mr. Wadsworth held his hand under the faucet, the owner stood next to him and talked. The schoolteacher could not hear them but twice he saw the owner frame on his lips the name of the real-estate man. They looked secretive. They reminded the schoolteacher of how Alec and the owner had stood together in the bar and whispered on the morning of the day Alec had left.

When Mr. Wadsworth returned to the table, no one asked to see his hand. He dabbed it with a folded linen handkerchief and sat looking at Eva and the real-estate man, and said, "We'll have to go. I have to write to my company. They'd be interested in the investment possibilities at the lakes."

The real-estate man left Eva stranded between two of his deceitful words. He leaned forward and said, "Did you say lakes? The fishing lakes?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wadsworth.

"Hmmm," said the real-estate man, "a lovely spot."

"Yes," said Mr. Wadsworth.

"Sir," said the real-estate man, "what is your business?"

"Property development," said Mr. Wadsworth.

"Your company would consider development of something at the lakes?"

Mr. Wadsworth nodded. "I'm sure they would."

"Please," said the real-estate man to Eva, "move your chair back a couple of inches. Sir, I hold leases at those lakes."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Wadsworth in a well-bred fashion.

The schoolteacher looked at the hotel owner. They both knew the real-estate man didn't have, as yet, a yard of property at the lakes. The owner's face glowed as he watched the real-estate man forsake Eva to pursue a possible dollar.

"We'd have to buy you out," said Mr. Wadsworth.

"Look," said the real-estate man to Eva, "how would you like to change chairs?"

"I won't," said Eva.

"Can't you see this is business?"

"You're breaking my heart," said Eva.

"Be yourself," said the real-estate man. "Quit interfering. Now then," said he to Mr. Wadsworth, "how can I keep in touch with you?"

"I'll give you my card," said Mr. Wadsworth. "I'll be back next week."

He took out his wallet. He carried, the schoolteacher saw, considerable money but not as much as Alec had had when he left. Alec, on that afternoon, in his good suit, had laid his valise on the floor, and sat with them like any other customer, and had told the owner to draw three beers. Alec had taken out his wallet and thumbed the edges of a crowd of bills, hoping, he said, to find a small ten, and had leered with his impudent eyes as he waited for their comments. But he only told them he had sold his interest in something. He had been bought out. And the owner, when he gave Alec his change, had looked sly and had seemed to be bubbling with some private excitement.

The real-estate man had asked Alec if you-know-who knew he was going, and Alec had shaken his head and said it would be a surprise.

"All right for you," said Eva to the real-estate man.

The Redwoods and Eva and Mr. Wadsworth stood up.

The real-estate man knew she was laughing at him for having paid her so much attention at the table, for being contemptuous of Mr. Wadsworth. He was heavily effusive in saying good-bye to the stout girl. "Next week, then," he said to Mr. Wadsworth.

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Wadsworth.

The schoolteacher saw Eva speak to the stout girl as they stepped into the sunshine, and for some seconds he heard the stout girl squeal with laughter.

Mr. Wadsworth stopped at the door and waved good-bye to the owner. It was not a next week gesture. It was finality, adieu.

"That damned girl just about spoiled my pitch," said the real-estate man. "I sure gave her up in a hurry."

Amusement fluttered on the owner's face as he picked up the empty glasses.

The sun came through the side windows. In the distance the highway shimmered into a mirage and, closer, twitched like grey sand seen under inches of running water. The shadow the white poplar spilled on the burnt ground was a dusty blue paint.

The parrot squalled, "Alec, oh, Alec!"

"Why don't you poison that damned thing," said the real-estate man.

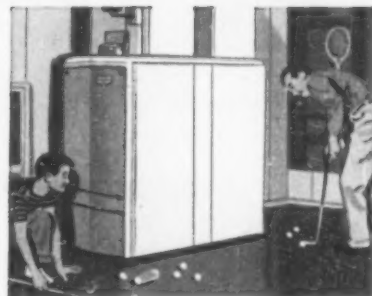
The owner looked at the real-estate man and shook his head.

The teacher found it hurt to keep his eyes on the reflected glossiness of the highway. ★

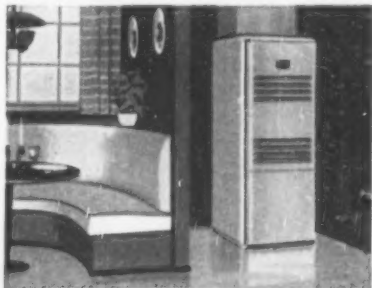
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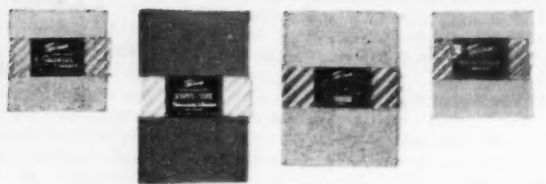
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 15, 1953

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* * *

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* * *

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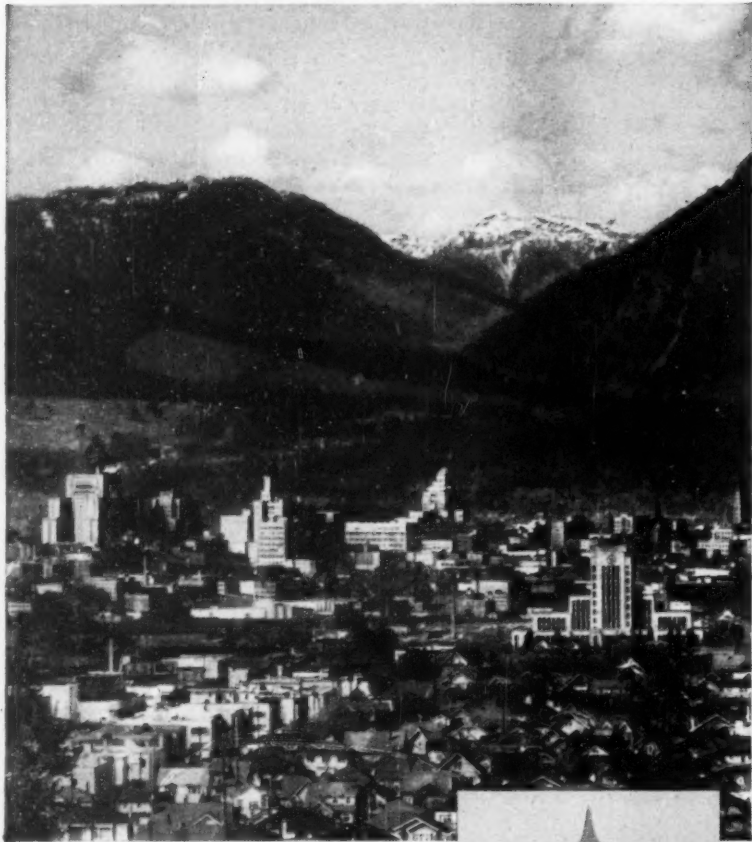
"Loaded" sheets are loosely woven—disguised by excess dressing of starch, chalk or china clay. It all washes out in the first laundering. When you buy, hold the sheet up to the light so you can see the true weave. Rub the sheet against itself and snap briskly. If a white powder appears—it's loaded. Better test than that—just be sure it's a Tex-Made sheet.

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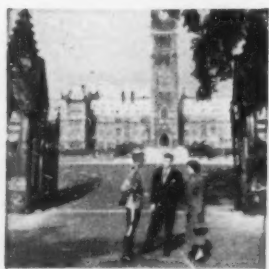
Exciting experiences await you in Canada's interesting, colorful cities... each has its own individuality. You'll enjoy every minute of your stay in Vancouver (above), Canada's gateway to the Orient, Edmonton, fastest growing Canadian city, Winnipeg where East and West meet, Toronto (home of the world's greatest annual fair), cosmopolitan Montreal, romantic Quebec, and other historic Eastern cities.



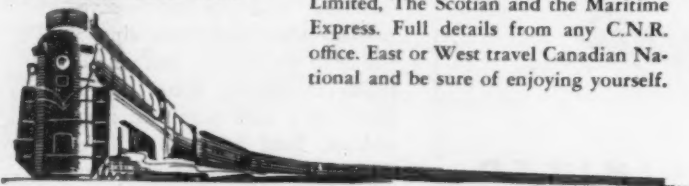
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In Ottawa, Canada's Capital, stand the peace tower and Houses of Parliament (above), a sight worth seeing. Nearby is the famous Chateau Laurier hotel.



Remember When Radio Was the Rage?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Mocking Bird. But it was evident that listeners hung on every word and musical note.

Gordon Olive, recently retired director-general of engineering for CBC, operated CFBC, a fifty-watt station near Montreal. One night, informed that an oil tanker was ablaze on nearby Lake St. Louis, Olive broadcast an appeal for help. In a few minutes he learned that the fire was on a lakeshore farm but by then it was too late. A harbor commission fire tug and a fleet of private boats were already wild-goose-chasing about the lake.

Once at CKWX, Vancouver, announcer George Taggart saw a fire truck go by and noticed heavy "smoke" blanketing the city. Taggart, later program director for CBC, creator of the Happy Gang and today a Toronto producer of stage shows, was eager to scoop the newspapers so he announced that a fire seemed to be raging at the entrance to Stanley Park.

By the next day Taggart had been chastised by two angry policemen and ribbed by a local newspaper. His fire was merely a Vancouver fog but half the city fire trucks had turned out to be trapped in a king-size traffic jam.

At Unity, Sask., Horace N. Stovin, now head of a firm which sells air time for stations around the country, scraped up ten dollars for an amateur license and ran a ten-watt transmitter, first in his attic then later in the back of his drugstore. He featured a local old-time fiddler group at 5.30 p.m., the traditional farm milking hour. The farmers grumbled but Stovin says radio soon changed the milking time around Unity.

Nobody wanted to miss a program for there was no telling what an artist or announcer would say next. At CKCK, Regina, a bass singer hiccupped on the bottom note of *Asleep in the Deep*, muttered "Damn"—and received several sympathetic letters.

In Montreal, before the broadcast of a stage show, the operator signaled announcer Jimmy McArthur to lead off before the talent took over. An electrician took this as his cue to douse the overhead lights and listeners heard the show open with McArthur's stentorian "LIGHTS, DAMN IT, LIGHTS. I CAN'T SEE."

In Toronto a hefty female vocalist who specialized in robust Wagnerian numbers had been instructed to ease away from the mike on her top notes and close in for softer ones. In shuffling back and forth on the studio carpet she soon built up a powerful static charge. One evening as she leaned in for a mellow note electricity sprang from the mike to her nose and the solo ended in a startled screech.

Under the circumstances early radio could be forgiven its boners. Working conditions were primitive. Microphones were merely glorified telephone transmitters. Some mikes looked so much like telephones that announcer Owen McGillicuddy, of CFCA, Toronto, once absently blurted "Hello, hello" in the midst of a broadcast.

Announcers were often technicians with good voices. One- or two-man staffs were common and a radio man had to be versatile. Even on a short broadcasting day the announcer-manager-office boy was busy opening mail, telephoning prospective artists, gathering sports scores, market reports and selecting phonograph records.

On recorded shows the early disc jockeys used mechanical gramophones



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which had to be re-ranked regularly. There were no rehearsals for live shows. Artists arrived when they could and whispered the titles of their numbers to the announcer. Musicians worked long shifts. On one weekly Toronto program pianist Bruce Metcalfe, now a Weston, Ont., music teacher, used to start work at seven p.m. with a violinist and cellist. At eight o'clock the trio added two members and became a quintet. The group grew every hour for different programs until by midnight they were an orchestra.

After a job at one station musicians dashed furiously across town to make another program. Metcalfe says he often trundled a nine-piece orchestra and instruments—including drums—across Toronto in a Whippet roadster.

Studios were usually hotel rooms with sombre drapes added. This acoustical device was so eerie that once at CKY, Winnipeg, a guest speaker looked around during a farm talk, shivered and ran out. Announcer D. R. P. Coats brought his pet canary into the same studio hoping to brighten a routine record show with bird songs. After one day in his gloomy surroundings the canary refused to sing.

Doors and windows were tightly closed to improve acoustics and on summer nights the temperature became unbearable. Metcalfe says he and his fellow musicians generally stripped to their BVDs during a performance. Most studios were too small to accommodate an audience.

Early Soap Operas Ran For Hours

Though programs leaned heavily on music at first, Canadian listeners didn't really care. "DX-ing," or distance hunting, was more important than programs then. Stations were aware of this and broadcast their call letters frequently accompanied by distinctive chimes, whistles, even bird calls. Then the listeners twirled hungrily away for another station so they might brag to the neighbors next day, "I got Schenectady" or "Denver was clear as a bell."

Radios were dark formidable-looking boxes that bristled with knobs and cost as little as thirty-five dollars or as much as four hundred and fifty. Some had speakers, some only earphones. One set of earphones to a family created considerable strife and some confusion. In one Manitoba home the father used to stand stiffly at attention in his earphones each night while the station signed off with God Save the King. This always baffled strangers who, of course, couldn't hear a note.

The stations began to strive for more variety. In Winnipeg in 1922 Gerald Bourke, a theatrical performer, wrote and acted in "radarios," the first Canadian radio dramas. Plays sometimes ran two or three hours. The actors were never paid but once a grateful listener stood them cake and coffee.

Poems and monologues were handy radio fare. If no pianist was available for background music the narrator sometimes pounded on a drum as he recited. To liven up The Shooting of Dan McGrew, a CKY, Winnipeg, narrator kicked over two chairs and a tray of knickknacks then slammed a leather cushion with a ruler for gunshots. Manitobans always phoned in for an encore of that one.

Air waves were relatively uncluttered and Canadian listeners reached far over the border to follow such national heroes as Moran and Mack, the Two Black Crows; singing comedians Billy Jones and Ernie Hare; vocalist Mary Garden; announcer Graham McNamee, the members of Nashville, Tennessee's Grand Old Op'ry and Sam and Henry, later Amos 'n' Andy. The

latter two programs are still going strong.

Catch phrases like Amos 'n' Andy's "Sho', sho', I'se regusted," Jack (Baron Munchausen) Pearl's "Vas you dere, Sharlie?" and Joe Penner's "Wanna buy a duck?" became Canadian, as well as American, bywords. Thousands of Canadian males hung over the loudspeaker for the Dempsey-Tunney fights or the World Series during the heyday of Babe Ruth.

Nearly every station in this country carried sporting events, partly because such programs were ready-made. One

of the first hockey broadcasts was aired over CFCA, the Toronto Star station, on Feb. 9, 1923. Norman Albert, a sports writer, reported the last period of an intermediate game between North Toronto and Midland, via a telephone hookup with the studio. (North Toronto won, 16-4, with six goals by Lionel Conacher.)

The next month Pete Parker, of CKCK, did the first western hockey broadcast, a game between Edmonton and Regina. And at a hockey game in Toronto a slender fair-haired boyish-looking newspaper reporter named

Foster Hewitt launched his radio career in an airtight glassed-in booth four feet high and three feet wide. At intervals during the sixty minutes regulation play and thirty minutes overtime the glass steamed up and Hewitt had to open the door and let the broadcast wait.

Telephone lines were generally used to transmit those early remote-control broadcasts back to the studio. But not without mishap. Sometimes the operator cut in over the air with "Number, please." One cold fall day Hewitt broadcast an entire football

What Duplate is doing with glass

INDUSTRIAL SAFETY GLASS

IT HAS TO "TAKE IT" AT COURTAULD'S!

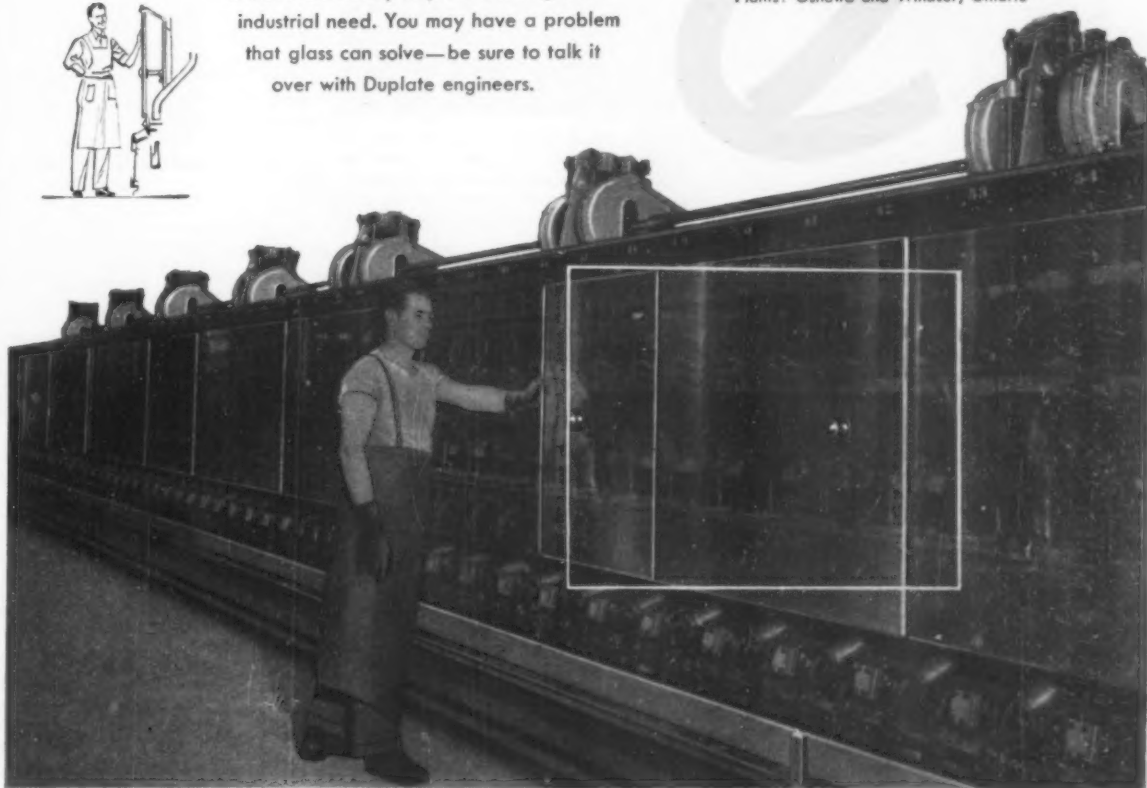
In the manufacture of Viscose, it is in the interests of good spinning to control humidity by enclosing the machines with moveable windows. Courtauld's use SAFETY GLASS by Duplate because their 24 hour day, 7 days a week, shift operation requires the strongest and best in materials to meet the dual need for visibility and strength.

This is another example of "toughened" SAFETY GLASS by Duplate meeting an industrial need. You may have a problem that glass can solve—be sure to talk it over with Duplate engineers.



DUPLATE

DUPLATE CANADA LIMITED
General Sales Office: Toronto, Ontario
Plants: Oshawa and Windsor, Ontario



Mechanization Speeds Canada's Growth



IN TRANSPORTATION



High-Speed Dirt Movers Self-powered Allis-Chalmers Motor Scrapers load and haul big yardage on highway, airport, railroad and dam construction... speed the stripping of overburden from mines

and quarries. They carry as much as 18 cu. yds. every trip, at speeds up to 22.5 mph. Two sizes — each with an interchangeable Motor Wagon for straight hauling work.



Building Highways or Country Roads

Because construction requirements vary so widely, Allis-Chalmers offers four crawler tractor models with a complete line of matched equipment — such as bulldozers, Tractor Shovels, pull-type

scrapers. Now there are seven sizes of pull-type scrapers — from 2 cu. yds. capacity to 23 heaped. Here the big scrapers are pulled and pusher-loaded with the famous HD-20 hydraulic torque converter tractor.



Year-Round Road Worker Of all construction machines, the motor grader is one of the most widely used. It builds and reshapes roads and streets, then maintains them. Some of its varied jobs include bank sloping, ditch cutting,

black-top mixing, ripping up old roads and streets, terracing, landscaping, snow and ice removal. Allis-Chalmers offers a complete line of modern motor graders — from the new, powerful AD-40 (shown) to the versatile, low-cost Model D.

IN MINING



Unlocking National Wealth Allis-Chalmers crawler tractors haul supplies to remote mining areas, build access roads and strip off deep layers of overburden to uncover rich ore deposits. On surface and underground jobs these same tractors, equipped with Tractor Shovels, dig and load ore directly from the seam, load tailings and other bulk materials, clean up around conveyors and hoppers, handle drainage work.

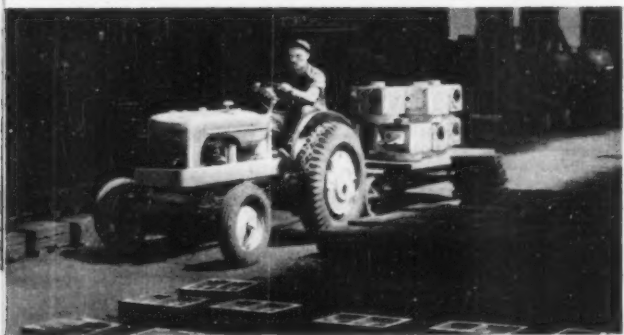


Full Speed to the Mill Hurrying ore for processing is a job for Allis-Chalmers Motor Wagons. They combine high-speed hauling with big capacity... unload directly into hoppers, conveyors and crushers or stockpile for future use. Are also widely used in quarries, sand and gravel pits, on road and dam construction, levee work.

IN MANUFACTURING

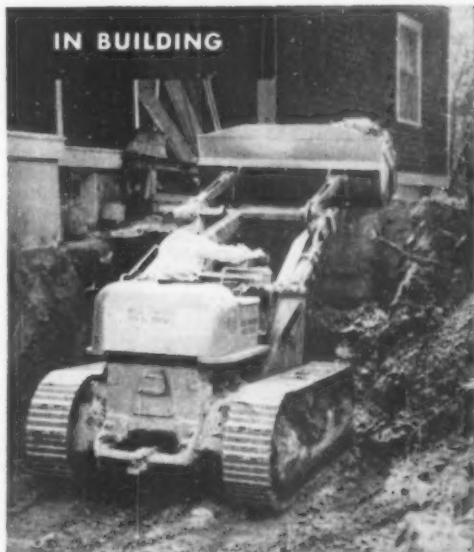


Versatile Factory Hand Mechanization of industry is a major factor in lowering production costs. Allis-Chalmers tractors, with various attachments, are widely used indoors and out on all kinds of material handling. They lift, load, clear, bulldoze and dig... handle all materials — bulk, solid or packaged.



Multi-Purpose Industrial Tool Here is a real handyman for a variety of special and general purpose jobs. The compact Model IB maneuvers easily in narrow aisles and cramped quarters... is ideal for pulling trailers around plants, loading and shipping docks, warehouses and railroads. Special attachments widen its usefulness — loads bulk material, sweeps, mows, removes snow.

IN BUILDING



One-Tractor Fleet for Builders The jobs an Allis-Chalmers Tractor Shovel handles around building work are almost endless. And with various easily interchanged attachments its usefulness is multiplied even further. Digs an average-size basement in less than two hours. Excavates septic tank pits and trenches for pipe, backfills around foundations, landscapes, lifts and carries lumber, shingles and other material. On large-scale housing projects, Allis-Chalmers tractors with bulldozers and scrapers move big yardage in a hurry.

IN THE OIL INDUSTRY



Center of Activity on Pipe Lines

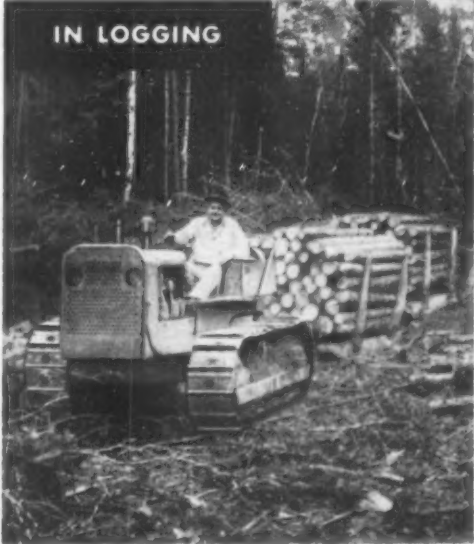
Big, powerful Allis-Chalmers crawler tractors are in the spotlight on every phase of pipelaying. They clear the right of way, cradle pipe for heavy doping and wrapping machines — handle a wide range of pulling and winching jobs. They also lower-in pipe, backfill the trench and maintain the line.



Big Producers in the Oil Fields

Getting jobs done fast — even under difficult conditions — is the demand of oil field operators. That is why dependable Allis-Chalmers crawler tractors are so widely used. They speed the building of access roads and fire walls, clear and grade land for drill sites, skid drill rigs into position, dig slush pits, give bogged-down trucks a lift, load and haul materials of all kinds.

IN LOGGING



Harvesting Timber—Any Size, Any Place

Skidding and arching-out big timber over rough terrain or pulling long trains of pulpwood winter and summer are ordinary jobs for sure-footed Allis-Chalmers crawler tractors. They also carve out haul roads, pull trucks through tough going, stack and load logs and lumber in mill and yard — hustle every phase of logging and lumbering.

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game only to learn that the telephone circuit had been broken all afternoon.

Like all early sportscasters Hewitt reported from stadium roofs "with my feet in the eavestrough and one arm around the flagpole." Once at a baseball game a high foul curved back and tagged him. At a football game in Kingston his trousers froze to the roof of the grandstand and had to be pried loose.

In March 1924 the Canadian National Railways broadcast the first network coverage of an NHL playoff. An hour before face-off technician

Gordon Olive was drafted to report the game because he'd played hockey and had a smattering of announcing experience. Montreal Canadiens were playing Ottawa Senators and Olive, a Montrealeur, was doing fine until in the heat of the game he referred to "dirty Ottawa." Montreal listeners loved it but Ottawa was miffed. Olive returned to the technical side of radio.

The CNR was in the thick of radio by then. In December 1923 the line sponsored Canada's first commercial network broadcast over CHYC,

Montreal, and OA, the Ottawa Radio Association station. By 1928 the CNR had established Canada's first coast-to-coast network, owning stations at Moncton, Ottawa and Vancouver and buying time in Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, Saskatoon and Edmonton. The latter were privately owned but became CNR stations for two or three hours a day, using CN call letters and local CN staffers.

President Sir Henry Thornton put radios on CNR trains in 1924 and by 1930 had eighty radio-equipped cars.

Hundreds of Canadians heard their first broadcasts while lounging in leather-upholstered coaches. A uniformed operator went along to twiddle the knobs.

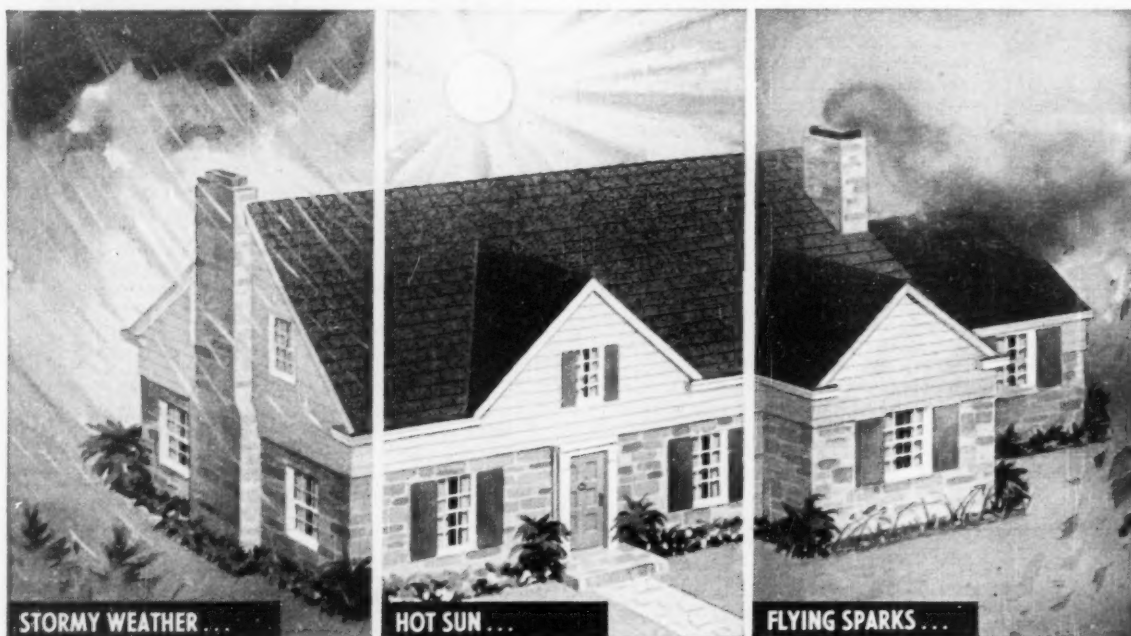
The idea was a hit. Businessmen went out of their way to travel CN just to hear championship prize fights or market reports. One Sunday a train picked up a prairie church sermon which so moved the passengers that they mailed a silver collection to the minister. Another time a Mrs. McAdam, on a westbound train, heard her long-lost son singing over CNRW, Winnipeg.

Don Roberts, now chief operator of the CBC in Toronto, made twenty-four cross-country round trips as a radio operator that first year. On New Year's Eve 1924, while passing through Alberta, he located programs from four successive time zones and the passengers sat up until the early hours of the morning to ring out the old year four times.

The CNR's broadcasts were carried on circuits normally used by train dispatchers. On one memorable winter night in 1928, a freight bogged down in a snowdrift near Capreol, Ont., and a trainman shinnied up the nearest pole to summon help with his portable phone set. He accidentally cut in on a radio line, heard a musical concert from Montreal's Windsor Hotel, and was perplexed. It was then a few minutes before Sir Henry Thornton was due to speak and listeners from Winnipeg to Vancouver heard a voice bellow, "I can't hear a goddam word. Where the hell's the dispatcher?"

By the mid-Twenties many present-day radio artists and executives were getting their start: tenor Wishart Campbell, now musical director of CFRB, Toronto, who sang Ramona four times one evening by popular request; tenor Ernest Bushnell who later co-starred on a popular breakfast show, the Cooconoodle Club, and today is assistant general manager of CBC; John Adaskin, a cellist in 1924, now producer and emcee of Opportunity Knocks; Maurice Bodington, of the current CBC "Bod's Scrapbook," used to read kiddies' stories over the air and announced a children's talent show on which Bobby Breen made his debut; orchestra leaders like Percy Faith, Reginald Stewart and Jimmy Gowler, who was featured in the network Prairie Schooner program but who started in Winnipeg as a radio fiddler, accompanied by his mother on piano.

Jane Gray, now a commentator on CHML, Hamilton, and billed as the first woman broadcaster in Canada, started in 1924 in London, Ont., reading poetry. In 1928 she launched Canada's first series of radio mysteries over CFCA, Toronto, in spite of manager Foster Hewitt's conviction that "you can't kill a man, find the murderer and hang him in thirty minutes." Members of her group included Ken



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For free copy of full-color folder see your J-M dealer or write Canadian Johns-Manville, Dept. 366 199 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario.



This diagram illustrates the basic elements which are combined in Johns-Manville Asphalt Shingles for long-life and protection of your roof. 1—High quality felt base. 2—Asphalt saturant, the vital waterproofing ingredient. 3—Asphalt top coating for protection against the drying-out action of the sun. 4—Colorful, fire-resistant, mineral granules—to safeguard against fire, weather and wear.

B-726



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Made of asbestos and cement, these J-M shingles will not burn, rot or wear out! Available in a choice of eye-appealing colors all with attractive grained appearance.



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Here's a siding that never needs paint to preserve it, can't burn or rot! Cedargrains have all the charm and beauty of weathered wood. Choice of five colors.



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An improved J-M Rock Wool product. Spintex provides home comfort and fuel savings—keeps your home snug and warm in winter... up to 15° cooler in summer. Available in all standard forms for new or existing buildings.

When You Have Read This Magazine . . .

please send it to a member of the armed forces serving overseas. If you know no one in the services, enquire locally if some organization is collecting magazines for shipment. In most areas some organization is performing this valuable service.

animated alphabet by WHALLEY



E IS FOR
EAGER

F IS FOR
FEAR

G IS FOR
GROUCH

Soble, now owner of CHML, and Donald Gordon, CNR president, who played a Scottish detective.

Until the early Thirties radio was under the jurisdiction of the Department of Marine and Fisheries. By 1930 a half million Canadians owned licensed sets. Licenses were one dollar.

The average Canadian station still didn't offer much variety. A CFCA, Toronto, log for a day in July 1927 reads: 1 p.m., weather, news and stocks; 5.50 p.m., news, weather and baseball scores; 6 p.m., stock quotations; 7-8 p.m., the Chandler Six Orchestra; 8.30, Luigi Romanelli; 9.30, the Parker's Dyeworks Orchestra; 10, Salon orchestra; 11, Harold Rich-Morris and the Versatile Canadians orchestra.

But from time to time there were special events: the July 1, 1927, Diamond Jubilee of Confederation broadcast with the first transmission of the carillon bells from Parliament Hill; election campaigns with the voices of R. B. Bennett and Mackenzie King; the Aug. 1, 1930, landing of the British dirigible R-100, its motors throbbing from coast to coast over the CN network and private stations.

The listeners responded with fan letters and gifts. CNRO, Ottawa, on its birthday received breakfast foods, butter, a pedigreed calf, permanent waves, cases of ginger ale and a month's free meals at a restaurant. The staff divvied up the foodstuffs because few radio performers could eat regularly on their pay. Seventy-five dollars a month was big money for a manager-announcer. Jane Gray ran her players group on a budget of twelve dollars and fifty cents per broadcast. Singers and actors generally worked free and were glad of the publicity. Musicians' unions began to demand fees for their members around 1924 but no one knew if radio would last and the unions didn't ask much.

"I don't think any artist made a living from radio in the Twenties," says Neil LeRoy, vice-president of the Association of Canadian Radio and TV Artists.

But though radio life was frugal it was never dull, either for listeners or performers. Programs and announcers were constantly getting into scrapes. During a musical broadcast Wes McKnight, now program manager of CFRB, and long-time emcee of hockey night's Hot Stove League, stepped up to a microphone mounted on a low podium and introduced singer Ann Jamieson. Listeners then heard a thud, a flurry of excitement and a long pause. McKnight had stepped back and knocked the singer flat.

Most sport promoters, fearing radio would cut down attendance, refused

to provide proper accommodation for broadcasting so sportscasters continued to cling to the rooftops. One sweltering summer day McKnight broadcast a Canadian championship tennis match from a piano box. Officials ordered him into this makeshift booth so his commentary wouldn't annoy the players.

But organization was replacing the pioneer helter-skelter. In 1928 a royal commission headed by the late Sir John Aird recommended a public-service form of broadcasting financed by license fees, a government subsidy and some sale of air time. The Broadcasting Act of 1932 established the Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission. In 1936 the present CBC was established to carry on a national broadcasting service with control over all Canadian radio.

Broadcasting had suffered with the rest of depression-ridden Canada. In 1932 the average Canadian station broadcast only six hours and fifteen minutes a day and only two hours and fifteen minutes of this employed original talent. Stations tightened their belts. The CNR, harassed by railway-revenue problems, turned its stations over to the CRBC in 1933. The giddy days were over and, when prosperity returned, radio had grown up.

But, in spite of today's polished split-second programs and sleek studios, veteran listeners and radio men often look back wistfully to the old days. Listeners remember the sheer magic of radio reception, the evenings of good music, the absence of soap serials and give-aways.

Artists and staffers yearn for the informality. They recall nights like the one when Reginald Stewart's orchestra and announcer Charles Jennings, who is now director of programs for the CBC, were doing a musical show and the orchestra, as usual, didn't finish its program on schedule. Jennings cut the show from the control room and when the orchestra finished a moment later he walked up to the dead microphone and apologized profusely to his "listeners" for the second-rate music they'd just heard. Stewart, thinking they were still on the air, turned livid.

A week later the band ran overtime again. This time Jennings let the show run its course, then entered the studio for his sign-off. Stewart, suspecting a repetition of the previous week's prank, pounced on the announcer before he could open his mouth and carried him, struggling, from the studio. The sponsor was not amused at the loss of his closing commercial.

"We couldn't do that sort of thing today, of course," says Jennings. "Radio is big business now and it wasn't then. But it was a hell of a lot more fun." ★



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The Canadian Bank of Commerce

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**Widow and Children
Receive \$10,000
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"Under the Accidental Death and Dismemberment Benefit, I will receive \$10,000. While it will not ease the loss of my husband, this money will make it possible for me to look after my two little children. I cannot speak too highly of the excellent service, and prompt settlement I have received from Confederation Life."

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23-3

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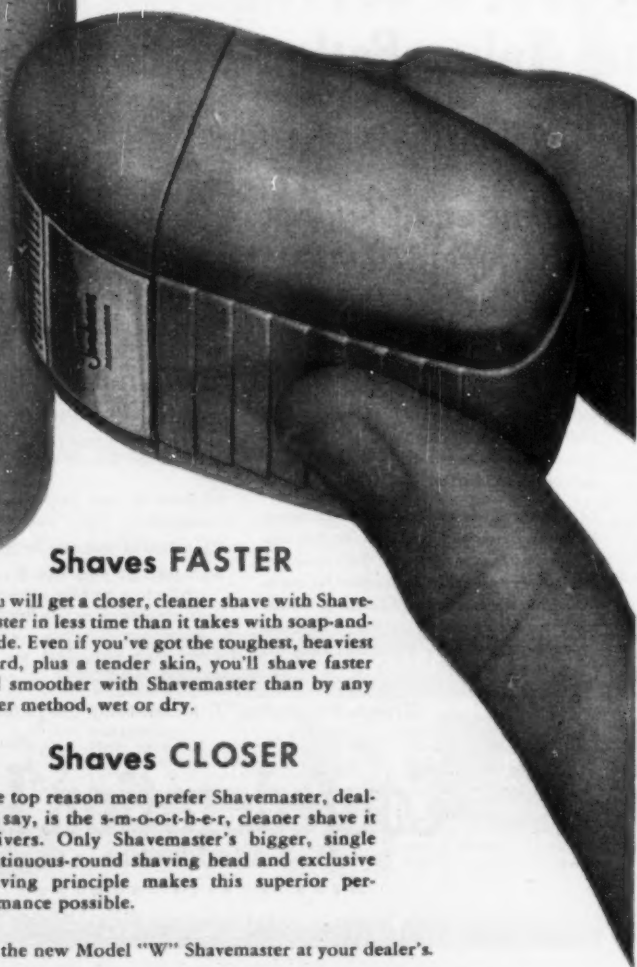
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If you are one of those men who believe electric shavers take too long and won't shave a beard like yours CLOSE enough—the new Sunbeam Shavemaster will give you the surprise of your life. Just ask men with tough beards who are using it.

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The top reason men prefer Shavemaster, dealers say, is the s-m-o-o-t-h-e-r, cleaner shave it delivers. Only Shavemaster's bigger, single continuous-round shaving head and exclusive shaving principle makes this superior performance possible.

See the new Model "W" Shavemaster at your dealer's.

SUNBEAM CORPORATION (CANADA) LIMITED, TORONTO 9, CANADA

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

civilian life—share pushers, lawyers, plumbers, piano salesmen—by God you're soldiers now. Anyone who slacks, anyone who malingers will go back to his unit with no flowers by request! On parade and off parade—it makes no difference. I'll stand no slacking."

The course was merciless. I think reveille was at 6 a.m. or perhaps it was 4 a.m. We were run off our feet, we dug trenches like madmen, we saluted our seniors with such vigor that our arms were in danger of a sprain. As for a day's leave to London—we might as well ask for a trip to the moon.

When the course was over I was told to stay behind on Critchley's staff. I am sorry to record it was not my military achievements that won this reprieve. Critchley wanted me to put on a musical show with the next crowd of junior officers when they arrived. I did so. It was good fun and Critchley and I became close friends. Then I went to the front where the hours were much easier.

But the British military authorities had spotted Critchley's genius for organization and he was given the rank of brigadier-general (at the age of twenty-eight) with the task of training RAF cadets in much the same way as he had trained us. The Duke of York, afterward King George VI, was on his staff for a time. Incidentally Critchley learned to fly and was given his wings.

Then came the peace and all the problems that peace can bring. Critch was, of course, a regular but he was not attracted by the prospect of going back to peacetime soldiering. His attitude toward this did not go as far as that of Disraeli who said that soldiering in peacetime was only fit for a fool, and in wartime only fit for a barbarian, but Critch was determined to try his luck in Civvy Street. He had married Maryon, the daughter of that eminent Canadian John Galt, and they had a young son and daughter.

A Host of Friends — And Enemies

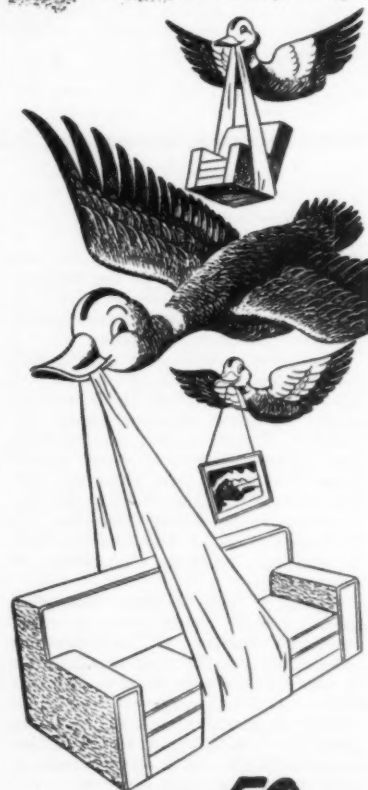
Like many of us he took the same view as Blucher who, after Waterloo, looked over the rooftops of London from a church tower and said: "What a city to sack!" London had been the magic spot where we spent our leave; London meant theatres, pageantry, opportunity, adventure. I joined Lord Beaverbrook while Critch, always a lone wolf, decided to make his own career in his own way.

The transition from spectacular authority to a civilian appointment was not easy to achieve. Critch had given orders for so long that he was apt to regard men in mufti as raw cadets. No one will deny that he was vain, hot-tempered and impatient. He disciplined himself in war but in the months that followed he did not discipline his temperament. What was worse, his luck was out.

He always had vision and at heart he was a builder. To use the homely old phrase he was determined to make two blades of grass grow where one grew before. But he suffered fools badly, forgetting that in England a man who looks like a fool is not necessarily a fool. Critch made friends and enemies with complete profligacy.

With demoniac energy he set about a plan to take ex-officers from the British Army and settle them in Mexico. After weeks of hard and successful work on engineering developments in Mexico he was quietly but officially told to drop the plan. Washington was not enam-

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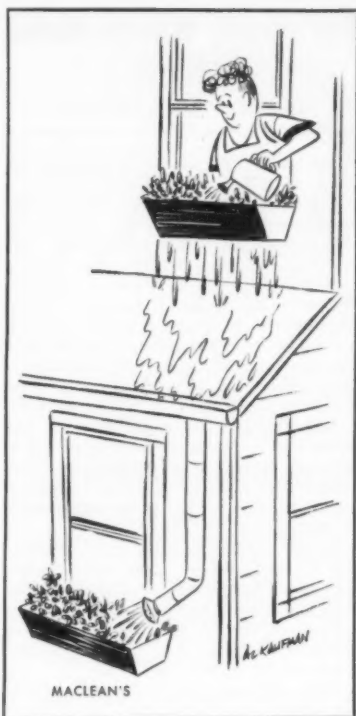
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ored of the idea and had let its opinion be known in Whitehall.

There was much distress in the British coal mines and Critch spent most of his remaining money organizing shipments of coal abroad. But just as he was ready to send his armada overseas there was a coal strike and his coal supplies were confiscated. It was about then that he and I met again and our friendship, which was to grow with the years, had begun its stormy progress. It was also about then that he and his wife parted. The shadows were closing in.

Critch was running short of money and it looked as if the game was up. But one day he met an American friend who told him about greyhound racing in the U. S. A. Critch is a man who always believed that sport is good for man and beast and nations. Therefore he threw himself into this project, built the first greyhound race track in Manchester and opened it to what looked like a complete flop.

Against the shouts of derision he hung on and suddenly the sport won its public. It swept like a prairie fire across England. He formed a company known as the Greyhound Racing Association, acquired the immense stadium at the White City in London, and organized the racing like a Roman pageant. The shares were put on the market and zoomed. Critch was a rich man and life was good. For better or for worse he had produced the poor man's substitute for horse racing.

He paused long enough, however, to marry an attractive young woman. I was the best man and am now godfather to their six-foot son, Bryan. In the meantime Critch invaded the cement world and became a director and then vice-president of the great British Portland Cement Association.

He had a house at Wimbledon, a house in town, a house at Sandwich on the sea and he became so fine a golfer that he began to win tournaments. He never had the shots of a really top-ranking golfer but he possessed a courage that simply would not admit defeat. If his opponent was four up with four to play Critch believed that he would win at the nineteenth and very often he did.

Still impatient and unsatisfied, still looking for worlds to shoulder like Atlas, he turned his eyes toward par-

liament and managed somehow to get himself adopted for a by-election at the outer London constituency of Twickenham. As I had also turned my eyes in the direction of Westminster I took charge of his campaign. It seemed a good opportunity to familiarize myself with the technique of political life.

We got our man home and Critchley took his seat. But he was too impatient for the slow tempo of parliamentary life. Had he been instantaneously made a minister and given a department he would probably have made a huge success of it. But he had been giving orders for so long that he could not accommodate himself to the democracy of parliamentary life where the most boring member has the same rights as the man of destiny.

When the next general election loomed up Critchley dropped out. He had found one game where he was not a champion. But even as I write these words I must set down that in my opinion it is a thousand pities that the government of the day did not use his organizing genius in some colonial territories where trouble was brewing. Few men of my time had his powers of improvisation and organization.

His greyhounds, however, were doing well, his cement interests were prospering and he had plenty of time to give to golf, winning many championships from better players who lacked his pugnacity and his courage.

Then came the 1939 war. He had acquired a reconstructed coast guard's house on the seashore at Sandwich and at Christmas he invited me to stay with him. There I met a handsome young fellow who turned out to be Johnny, the son by his first wife. Johnny went to school in Canada but was then at Cambridge. Being his father's son he could not remain a student when the bugles were sounding.

Johnny joined the RAF, but was refused a pilot's license because his color vision was faulty. Refusing to be a grounded airman he volunteered to serve with the Finnish Ski Division in the war against Russia but his ship was turned back just before reaching port. Finland had capitulated.

Whereupon Johnny enlisted in the Scots Guards, won his commission and was killed in the North African campaign. I went to see my old friend Critch as soon as I heard the news and in his eyes there was a hurt that would never heal. Nothing in his life took such a toll as the death of his son who had come to him after years of separation.

But the war had to be fought and Critch had prepared a vast scheme, similar to 1918, for training the personnel of the RAF. It was accepted by the Air Ministry; he resigned all his greyhound and cement directorships and threw himself into the task as he had done in the first war. Once or twice I went to stay with him at different centres and it seemed as if time had stood still since I had arrived with the Canadian draft at his school in Bexhill-on-Sea.

No longer was he interested in anything but the war, and when the RAF took over his system of training he was appointed by the government to the chairmanship of the British Overseas Airways Corporation. This was what he wanted above all things and he threw himself into the task with a violence which produced excellent results, some blunders and a host of enemies. Undoubtedly he was ruthless but not for personal gain. He never learned the lesson that enough enemies can bring down a giant.

When the war ended he had not only surrendered his greyhound control but was no longer head of BOAC. However with his amazing vision he

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Make it snappy
with the Red Cap, Pappy!

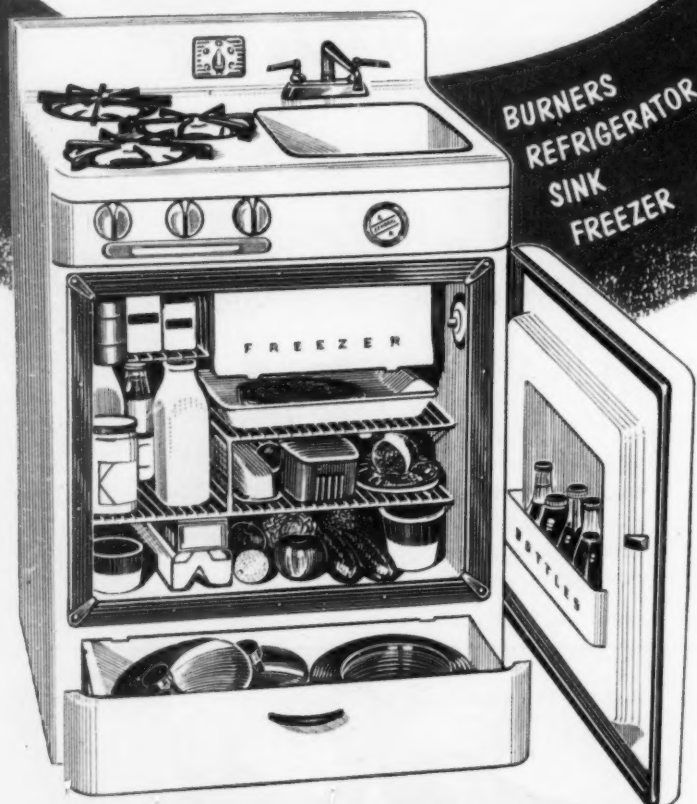
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saw the opportunity ahead and founded the Air Charter of Skyways Ltd., of which he was the chairman. When the challenge of the Berlin airlift came Critchley was ready with his planes, not only serving Britain but bringing rich rewards to his company. And since peace of a kind was in the air he resumed his golf and defeated better players as he had always done.

Then once more the shadows began to gather. Greyhound racing had been so taxed by the treasury that the profits had disappeared. Shares that had sold for twenty-five shillings were down to a couple of shillings. Much of Critchley's fortune had evaporated although he still had considerable money.

Unhappily he went for a winter holiday to the Bahamas and while flying over that area he conceived the idea of taking over "Rum Island" in that part of the Caribbean and turning it into a winter holiday resort for American workers and their families. American industrialists were enthusiastic and London bankers were interested. Critchley got Billy (Holiday Camp) Butlin (another Canadian) interested and they raised further money in the City of London. Eventually but too precipitately the camp was opened—and flopped. American interests bought it for a song and Critchley had lost a hundred thousand pounds.

Courage Saved His Life

He was sixty years of age but never in his whole stormy career had he winced or cried aloud. With his third wife, the champion golfer Diana Fishwick, he moved to a pleasant home near Ascot and continued his cement and air-charter activities. His courage was indomitable and he set about planning new ventures. Occasionally he would telephone me and come to my house for lunch, and I admired him in the shadows as I had never done in the sunlight.

And now comes the hand of fate like a play of Euripides. He went to the coast to play in a golfing tournament and developed an irritating boil in his nose. True to form he paid no attention to it until it burst. But by that time, unknown to him, it had brought on a thrombosis and he had a frightful headache. Arriving home he diagnosed it as 'flu and was treated for that complaint. Too late it was discovered that the infection had reached the vein that feeds sustenance to the eye. Death faced him in the night but he summoned his courage from the depths and defied it. Death was defeated, but his eyesight had gone for ever.

He made a swift general recovery and I drove to the country to see him, dreading the ordeal as a child dreads the dark. When I got there I found Wing Commander Douglas Bader who, with two wooden legs, flew as a fighter pilot in the war and flies and golfs today like a youngster of twenty. Bader had brought his courage to sustain his friend Critch—and he also brought a gold watch from Critchley's golfing friends, a watch that sounds the time. Another man to arrive was Sir Ian Fraser, a South African MP at Westminster, who was blinded in the first war and is now head of St. Dunstan's.

There on the sofa was my old friend and I placed my hands on his shoulders because I was afraid to speak. "Blast you," roared Critch, "why do your newspapers publish such rot about cricket?"

I told him he was crazy and he said that I never knew a damned thing anyway about sport. Our voices rose in anger and we damned each other to eternity.

But both of us knew . . . and it was better not to say it. ★

The Wrong Way to Make Millions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

about your work than you do you've got to stay on your toes."

Jimmy Wade, Irving's former pilot, diagnoses the loyalty of his executives as "Irvingitis." "They really like the guy and they keep working like blazes, hoping they'll rise with him." A story is told about one of Irving's senior officials who went home after a day at the office. Irving phoned, asking his company on a trip that night to northern New Brunswick. The man hadn't had his dinner and said so. "Never mind," Irving replied, "I've got it with me in the car." When they drove off a few minutes later Irving reached into his pocket and produced dinner—a chocolate bar. The official is no longer with Irving.

Irving demands that his truckers, bus drivers and service-station operators treat the public courteously. He does the same himself. A visitor was in Irving's home on a Sunday afternoon when the phone rang. The ensuing dialogue went like this:

"You Irving, the oil man?" "Yes, sir, I am."

"Well, this is Mulrooney, of St. Patrick Street."

"Yes, Mr. Mulrooney, what can I do for you?"

"Where in hell's my oil?"

"Haven't you received your oil, Mr. Mulrooney?"

"You're damned right I haven't."

"Well, sir, I'm very sorry to hear that, and it's a cold day, too, isn't it?" Irving took his address and phone number, dialed his oilyard, called Mulrooney and told him his oil was on the way. Half an hour later he broke off a conference to call Mulrooney again and ask if it had arrived.

In his angriest moments Irving's language would hardly cause a Sister of Charity to blush. Shortly after the war a corvette he had just bought foundered in a storm off Nova Scotia. The crew was taken off and the vessel went down, uninsured. Irving's loss was twenty-five thousand dollars. "Gosh-darn," said Irving.

If he speaks softly, Irving also carries a big stick. Several times he has swung it at labor.

On Nov. 5, 1948, forty men in his East Saint John oilyard went on strike after Irving refused to accept the unanimous recommendations of a conciliation board. Among other things, the employees wanted to cut their work week from fifty-four hours to forty. Late in the day Irving approached the picket lines outside his plant, pulled off his topcoat and yelled at the strikers, "You may be big, but I'm bigger." The gesture was taken as an invitation to fight. Irving says he wasn't asking for trouble, but "it never pays to talk with your coat on." There was no fight.

Next day, when a nonstriker balked at driving his truck past the picket lines, Irving pushed him aside, took the wheel and sped through. Two company officials followed him in cars. The strikers scattered. Several of them



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PERFORATED,
VENTILATED—
so essential to foot health



retreated to the nearest police station and had summonses for reckless driving served on Irving and his two aides. The charges were finally withdrawn.

Two days later Irving appealed to the Supreme Court of New Brunswick and got a thirty-day interim injunction against the picketers. He claimed the picketing was illegal because it stalled the flow of trucks from his yard, a not improbable objective of the strike. Officials of the Canadian Congress of Labor protested that Irving was using the courts to break a legal strike. True or not, the strike was soon broken and the union folded with it.

Irving was nosing around his plywood plant a few years ago when he fell from a ladder and broke several ribs. He was still laid up when wage talks were due to open with the plant's CCL union. He promptly called the union officials to his home. For more than five hours they bargained around his bedside. Irving was at his uncompromising best. Later Angus MacLeod, a spindly little CCL organizer, was asked how the patient had behaved. He replied dryly, "As well as could be expected."

MacLeod and other officials of the CCL have called Irving an archenemy of the labor movement who exploits the people and resources of New Brunswick with equal impartiality. On the other hand, James Whitebone, president of the Saint John Trades and Labor Council, an affiliate of the CCL's rival, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, rates him highly. "He doesn't give us everything we want," Whitebone says, "but you've got to respect him." He adds, "You've got to respect any man who employs ten thousand people." A friend of Irving's sums up his attitude to labor unions this way: "He feels they have their place but he won't be shoved around by anyone. K. C. is a rugged individualist. He never worked a forty-hour week in his life."

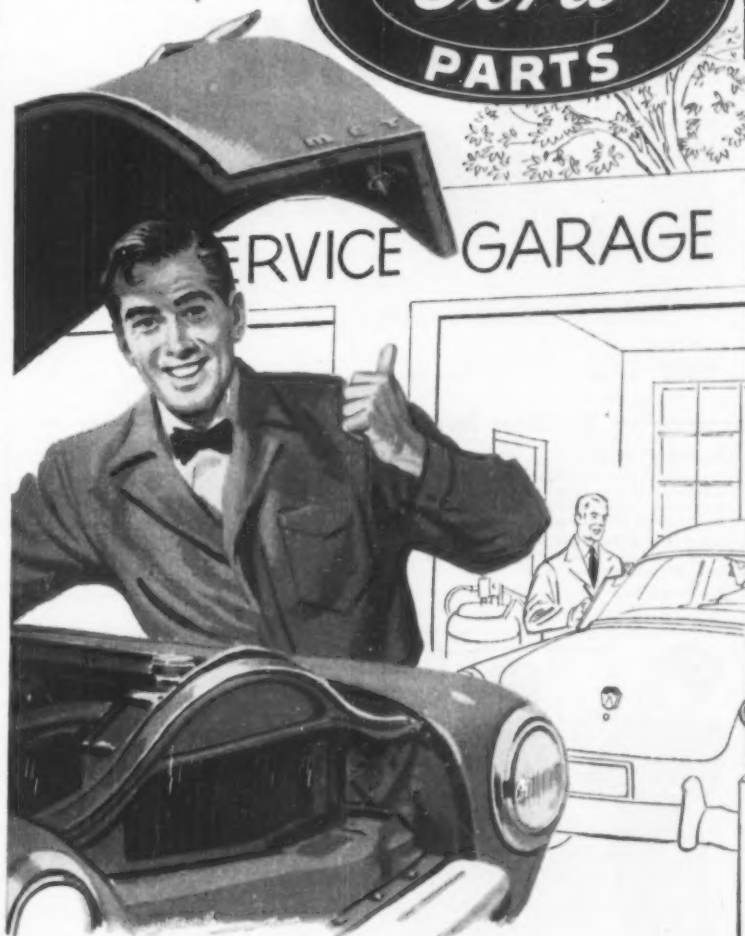
Irving was born on March 14, 1899, in Buctouche, a quiet farming and oyster-fishing town on the eastern coast of New Brunswick which, in later Prohibition days, thrived on the proceeds from bootlegged liquor. His father, James, was a well-to-do storekeeper and lumber-mill owner who raised his son by strict Presbyterian standards and gave him a quasi-religious regard for the value of money. Irving worked in his father's general store after school and raised a flock of ducks in his back yard. When neighbors complained about the racket they raised he killed, dressed and sold them at a hundred-dollar profit, his first. He spent two years at two different universities (Acadia and Dalhousie), did a stint in the Royal Flying Corps before World War I ended and came back to Buctouche to work in the family store. One of his jobs was collecting unpaid bills for his father.

Early in the Twenties he started selling Model T Fords. He took old buggies and even horses on trade-ins. Though not everyone would buy his kind of car, Irving reasoned, everyone who owned one needed gas. So he got the Imperial Oil agency for Kent County. Soon he was doing ninety-five percent of the gas and oil business in Kent County.

In 1924, after other merchants who didn't like buying oil from a competitor complained to Imperial, the company suddenly took Irving's agency away from him and decided to put up its own storage tank in Buctouche. Irving moved swiftly. He ordered his own tank and a carload of gasoline from the States. He admits he had to do "a lot of fast footwork" to pay for them. The two tanks arrived in Buctouche

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PLANTERS' PUNCH

1 of sour (1 part fresh lime juice)
2 of sweet (2 parts sugar) or syrup
3 of strong (3 parts Myers's Jamaica Rum)
4 of weak (4 parts water and ice)
Add a dash of Angostura Bitters. Stir.
Serve very cold in a tall glass with cracked ice. Add a maraschino cherry.

EGG NOG

Pour 1 oz. Myers's Jamaica Rum into a shaker.
Add 1/2 oz. of Cognac or Brandy.
1 teaspoon of plain syrup
1 fresh egg. Plenty of chopped ice. Add nearly a glassful of rich milk.
Shake well and strain into a tall glass.
Sprinkle grated nutmeg on top. M21



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Anniversary Ale was brewed especially for occasions like this. The *lightest* and *smoothest* of all ales, it leaves no regrets. Yet Anniversary contains all the traditional Labatt's* body and character to brighten an already glad occasion. Fortunately there's no need

for you to wait until you make a parachute jump to celebrate with Anniversary Ale. The combination of a thirst and a bottle, or better still several thirsts and a case, of *lighter, smoother* Anniversary Ale is an occasion in itself. John Labatt Limited.

*The swing is **DEFINITELY** to Labatt's

the same day. Irving won the race to get them installed. Even so, his closest friends predicted he'd lose his coveralls. Irving Sr. and an uncommonly wealthy farmer, Tom Nowlan, bought into Irving's business and backed him with more than a hundred thousand dollars. Irving later purchased Nowlan's interests. He built other service stations in Kent County and painted them red, white and blue, the same colors as Imperial's. Today Irving and Imperial share seventy percent of the Maritimes' oil business and Irving is spreading through eastern Quebec.

The Irving Oil Company was formed in 1928 when Irving moved to Saint John and built a five-story garage. He financed the firm through Eastern Securities Ltd. In this he met Frank Brennan, a stock salesman who three years later teamed with him to form their own securities company. Pestored daily for hot market tips, Irving soon retired from the company and left his financing to Brennan, who still handles it.

To build more service stations Irving formed his own small construction company and got the work done cheaper. At the same time he hustled around the Maritimes contracting independent garages to sell his brands of gas and oil. He brought most of his gasoline in from the United States but today the bulk of it is purchased at a cut rate from his erstwhile employers, Imperial Oil.

At the bottom of the depression Irving took over his father's limping lumber business, injected some oil profits into it and kept it out of bankruptcy. Three years later he formed SMT (Eastern) Ltd., a bus line named after Scotia Motor Transports, of Scotland.

It was in Nova Scotia that Irving suffered his only big setback. There in 1938 he ran into a fight with Fred C. Manning, a Halifax bus-line and service-station owner, over exclusive highway franchises. Manning won.

Ten years later Irving evened the score. In 1942 Manning had acquired the New Brunswick Power Company—which Irving had been angling to get—and the right to run Saint John's transit system. Manning spent a million and a quarter dollars boosting his power output and then saw his plant suddenly expropriated by the New Brunswick government. After protests over the streetcar service Manning was providing, the city got permission from the legislature to break its contract with Manning. Irving stepped in with an offer to provide buses and disclosed that he had seventeen new ones stored and ready. It was a typical Irving gamble that paid off. He had paid three hundred thousand dollars for the buses before he was sure of a job for them. After a long row that wound up in the courts Irving won the franchise, virtually pushing Manning's trams and buses off the streets.

Irving got a big shove from World War II. Shortly before it began he bought control of Canada Veneers Ltd. and it became the British Empire's biggest producer of the paper-thin wood used on Mosquito bombers. At Buctouche he opened a shipyard which built invasion barges and gave jobs to half the town's working force.

He also acquired the Saint John Sulphite Company and the Dexter (New York) Pulp and Paper Company, the latter when it was virtually in the hands of the receiver. He revamped both and doctored them back into the money. His knack for reviving dying industries recently prompted a friend to remark, "K. C. is like a watchmaker. He takes a business apart,

finds out what's wrong with it and puts it back together so it really ticks. And he usually has enough pieces left over to make a wheelbarrow."

In 1945 Irving worked one of the biggest land deals in New Brunswick's history. For approximately a million dollars he bought out the old New Brunswick Railway Company. It owned no rolling stock but it did have the deeds to a million acres of choice timber stands in northern New Brunswick.

Immediately after the war he got into shipping. He bought five war-surplus corvettes, converted them to tankers and wood carriers at Buctouche and launched the Kent Line.

Until a startling landslide last September pushed New Brunswick's Liberal Government out after seventeen years in office, Irving was said to be a power behind the throne. In 1925, at the start of his career, he helped back A. A. Dysart, an up-and-down Kent County politician, who in that year became the Opposition leader in New Brunswick. Ten years later

Swimsuit Song

It's got me stumped no matter how
Attentively I figure—
Can they be that much smaller now,
Or do the girls come bigger?

P. J. Blackwell

Dysart was premier. Dysart, now a county-court judge, says Irving never asked for favors. Dysart was succeeded in 1940 by J. B. McNair, a Fredericton lawyer. In 1951 Irving's pulp-and-paper company was given power to expropriate lands along the St. John River and McNair was accused of "giving the province away" to the Irving interests.

"I know people used to say that Irving ran the government," McNair has said. "That's nonsense. Nobody ran my government. Just because he was known to be a Liberal the Tories used him as a target."

The new Conservative Premier, Hugh John Flemming, a scholarly-looking lumberman, is probably not among Irving's most ardent admirers. Before Irving bought the New Brunswick Railway Company, Flemming's outfit, Flemming and Gibson Company, had cutting rights on part of its northern woodlands. Flemming claims his firm had an understanding with the old owners that in the event of sale they would have an option on the lands they were using. When Irving suddenly took over he canceled Flemming's cutting rights.

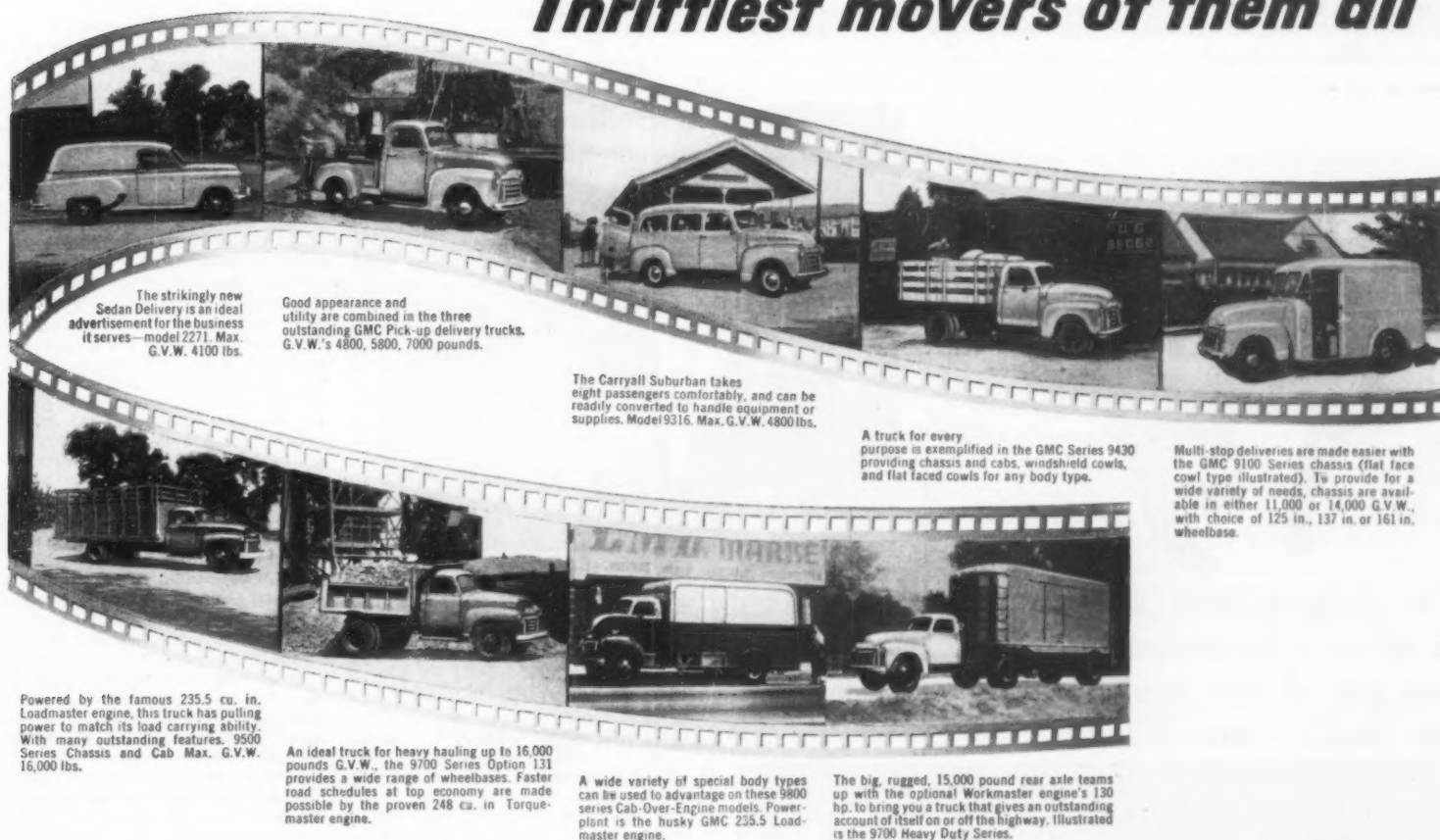
Irving says today, "We never got our real share of business from the Liberal Government and we're certainly getting less today." He now disclaims any active role in politics. "I don't think politics and business mix," he says gravely. "New Brunswick is too small for politics."

His chief outside interest today—not entirely divorced from his business—is the Chignecto Canal, a long-proposed waterway through the narrow neck of land separating the Bay of Fundy from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He feels the canal would cut transportation costs and enable the Maritimes to compete more favorably with central Canadian industries.

Because he is involved in so many things New Brunswickers just naturally suppose that Irving is involved in a lot more. Not long ago a Saint John man passed on the rumor to Frank

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The strikingly new Sedan Delivery is an ideal advertisement for the business it serves—model 2271. Max. G.V.W. 4100 lbs.

Good appearance and utility are combined in the three outstanding GMC Pick-up delivery trucks. G.V.W.'s 4800, 5800, 7000 pounds.

The Carryall Suburban takes eight passengers comfortably, and can be readily converted to handle equipment or supplies. Model 9316. Max. G.V.W. 4800 lbs.

A truck for every purpose is exemplified in the GMC Series 9430 providing chassis and cabs, windshield cowls, and flat faced cowls for any body type.

Multi-stop deliveries are made easier with the GMC 9100 Series chassis (flat face cowl type illustrated). To provide for a wide variety of needs, chassis are available in either 11,000 or 14,000 G.V.W., with choice of 125 in., 137 in. or 161 in. wheelbase.

Powered by the famous 235.5 cu. in. Loadmaster engine, this truck has pulling power to match its load carrying ability. With many outstanding features. 9500 Series Chassis and Cab Max. G.V.W. 16,000 lbs.

An ideal truck for heavy hauling up to 16,000 pounds G.V.W., the 9700 Series Option 131 provides a wide range of wheelbases. Faster road schedules at top economy are made possible by the proven 248 cu. in. Torquemaster engine.

A wide variety of special body types can be used to advantage on these 9800 series Cab-Over-Engine models. Powerplant is the husky GMC 235.5 Loadmaster engine.

The big, rugged, 15,000 pound rear axle teams up with the optional Workmaster engine's 130 hp. to bring you a truck that gives an outstanding account of itself on or off the highway. Illustrated is the 9700 Heavy Duty Series.

MODEL for model, feature for feature, these 1953 trucks are the greatest GMC trucks ever built. They bring you new staying power and new safety with heavier, more rigid and durable construction. All 1953 models provide increased horsepower and higher compression ratio. These thrifty valve-in-head engines give

you faster acceleration, greater hill-climbing ability—and even greater economy than ever before.

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Your GMC dealer will put you behind the wheel of one of the wide variety of models available. You'll thrill to the drive of sparkling horsepower—the lift of responsive high compression—the solidity and stamina which will enable you to save more and make more on every hauling job—with GMC.



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Bowman, Irving's financial associate, that Irving had just bought the Post Office building.

Irving rarely takes time out for any kind of recreation. Occasionally he flies to his fishing lodge at the head of the Restigouche River when the silver salmon are leaping, or drops into Saint John's Cliff Club to play poker on a Saturday night. A man who gambles with him has said, "K. C. plays everything close to the vest. The money doesn't mean a thing to him but he hates to lose—at anything."

Mrs. Irving, who met her husband

when she was working in his father's store in Buctouche, is a quiet pleasant woman whose outside interests centre around St. John-St. Stephen Presbyterian Church. She acts much as she would have if she had stayed in Buctouche and her husband had never made more than twenty-five hundred a year.

The Irvings have three sons, James, twenty-five, who is married and has one son; Arthur, twenty-two, and John, twenty-one. At Rotherham Collegiate, a private boys' school near Saint John, they were nicknamed

"Oily," "Gamy," and "Greasy." All are in business with their father and share his passion for work.

If Irving gives much money to charity—and his friends insist he does—the public never hears a word about it. Once when a Saint John curling club was collecting money for a new rink a canvasser buttonholed Irving hoping for a fat donation. "Certainly," said Irving. "Put me down for one share (\$100)—same as everybody else." The conclusion drawn was that Irving didn't want it noised abroad that he controlled the curling club, too. ★

Failure of the 27th

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

place where there are no Canadian or British medical facilities he can obtain the best treatment available from local doctors or hospitals and the bill is paid by brigade headquarters. If he wishes he can split one of his sixteen-day leaves into eight two-day leaves spread over the year.

One of the most popular of Pangman's reforms was the granting of permission for troops to wear civilian clothes into Hanover and on leave. The men found that the uniform was a handicap to social life with German civilians, a circumstance due partly to German stiffness about former enemies and partly to such high jinks as go on in downtown Hanover on pay night.

This is only a part of a long catalogue of privileges and concessions designed to make the Canadian soldier's life in Europe as bright as possible.

In any community of six thousand there will always be small injustices but these are normal vicissitudes which occur no less in all walks of civilian life. The overriding fact is that, as far as the visitor can observe, there is nothing repressive about the Hanover encampment. Indeed it is difficult to see how privileges can be further extended and the distinction between officers and men hammered narrower without the 27th becoming a holiday camp. An army must, after all, remain an army. Soldiering is supposed to be a man's job. The tradition of toughness has gone out of it in recent years, which may be all to the good, but softening influences can be carried to limits which negate the primary purpose of military training. The hard discipline that makes an army effective under fire is, unfortunately, only produced by a ritualistic kind of army routine.

In the last six months the spate of reports about poor morale has tapered off, due largely to Pangman's delicate balance of discipline and privilege; but morale itself, measured in terms of bearing, efficiency, reputation and camp atmosphere is a continuing problem. As we probe deeper into it we approach the key to the 27th's abiding mystery.

We must turn at this point to an examination of the men who make up the 27th, for the truth is that there is no morale problem in the accepted meaning of the term. There is, instead, a man-power problem, a problem of quality, not of numbers. To put it bluntly the representative recruit in the 27th is, statistically, of a lower standard than the average Canadian young man. We are trying to build a better-than-average brigade with lower-than-average human material.

It is impossible to indict a whole community of Canadians—the good with the indifferent and the bad—but judged as a community the 27th is not an accurate reflection of the whole community of Canada.

Take the evidence of an experienced padre: "In the years 1946 to 1950 we had a small permanent army in Canada—about twenty-two thousand men—but it was a good army. We took the average in education and intelligence of the Canadian wartime soldier and set up the top half as the minimum requirement for recruitment into the permanent force. The army then was an average, even better than average, Canadian community.

"Then," he continued, "the bars were let down. After the 25th was recruited for Korea we recruited the 27th for Germany. We took in everybody.

"I've talked to hundreds of these



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...we are actually part-owners of the company ...that's what a mutual company means." "Is that why Grandfather had his insurance with the Mutual Life of Canada too?"



"Partly, but also he wanted insurance at low cost and even then the company had a reputation for excellent returns to its policyholders." "Gee, I'm sure glad you started me with Mutual too. It really is our company, isn't it?"

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MM-23



"After me, Miss Pearson."

men who've been in one trouble after another. I've asked them why they came into the army and it's nearly always the same story. They were the kind that drifted, couldn't hold a job or didn't want to hold a job, so they figured they'd try something new—the army. Most of them didn't realize that you can't drift in and out of the army if you get tired of it. That kind of man makes a bad peacetime soldier."

What the padre said is confirmed by statistics. The average education of the private soldier in the 27th is between fifth and sixth grade. Even this figure is likely to be high. On recruitment the men were given no examination; their own words were accepted for their educational standards. One officer recalled that a private in his outfit, presumably of fifth-grade education, couldn't write his own name; he drew out the individual letters that formed it.

Even if the estimate of between fifth and sixth grade is accepted it means that the average recruit in the 27th left school at a time when he had barely mastered reading and writing. This is the average. If it is balanced off against the men who went as high as seventh or eighth grade (there are forty-six soldiers now writing their senior matriculation examinations) then we are left with a substantial number of men who are practically illiterate.

Chary as they are about making comparisons or revealing statistics, responsible officers in the brigade admit that Canada's force in Europe has a lower educational average than that of the British and American formations on its flanks. With this educational standard as a signpost there is only one direction for other statistics—and it is not a direction of which Canadians can be proud.

The venereal-disease rate of the 27th is, for instance, inordinately high. It is officially admitted that it is higher than in the British or American armies. The VD rate of the 27th is one hundred and eighty-three per thousand per year. Some months it goes as high as two hundred and seventy-five per thousand. The VD rate among soldiers in Canada during the last war, using October, 1942 as a sample, was forty-eight per thousand. But obviously a soldier serving at home is not as likely to contract venereal disease.

Evidence of the drastic lowering of recruiting standards is seen in the number of hopelessly inept men who managed to join the 27th and be transported to Germany. These are men who, in the opinion of their unit officers, cannot possibly be made into soldiers. They are turned back to headquarters and in most cases eventually returned to Canada for discharge. The number of these is also a brigade secret, but in one six-week period this spring between twenty-five and thirty men were returned to Canada by the Highland Battalion of the 27th. They were de-

scribed as "bad eggs, alcoholics and persistent offenders." The personnel selection officer who deals with such cases estimates that he interviews up to sixty men a month.

The facts, therefore, dissipate the mystery of the 27th. When the educational standard is dismal, the crime and VD rate high, and the human material lower than average, it is hardly possible for the brigade to be anything except second-class.

The task of building an operational defense force out of this reservoir of human material is one that gnaws at the morale of the officers no less than the other ranks. It is difficult, for instance, to make an artilleryman out of a youth who has never learned simple arithmetic, or a sentry out of someone who can't read the writing on a worksheet. The brigade, therefore, has been saddled with the added task of running a primary school to bring all soldiers up to eighth-grade standard. These classes take four to five hours out of training time each week and are attended by sixteen hundred soldiers out of a total of 5,499 in the brigade. This doesn't mean that the remainder have the requisite education. Classes are compulsory for all men who failed to reach eighth grade in school, but the education officer estimates that "a good many" have one way or another evaded taking the classes.

The teaching is done by junior infantry officers who don't like being school-teachers so the whole program is more lip-service than learning. The attitude of the men was summed up for me by one of them: "The whole thing is a lotta baloney. If I wanted school I woulda gone when I was a kid. Whad'ya godda know to fire a rifle?"

Where Do They Go on Leave?

There are always exceptions, of course. The minority of good men merely serves as a symbol of what might be if a cross section of Canadian youth, bringing with it a cross section of the high Canadian educational and intelligence standards, were fed into the army. The good things that the Canadian army offers a youth—the pay, the security, the travel, even military life itself—would be provided men equipped to appreciate them. A bank of superior material for commissioned and noncommissioned ranks would be built up. The brigade would gradually become a crack unit, the necessary nucleus, if crisis suddenly came upon us, of a rapid extension of the forces.

Moreover the privileges accruing to a two-year hitch in Europe would be conferred on men in a position to profit from travel. At the moment this unexampled opportunity for young Canadians to top off their education with European experience is being largely wasted. Numbers of 27th soldiers use their sixteen-day leave to move bag and baggage into the fleshpot area of Hanover.

The solution to the problem of the 27th becomes by this time abundantly apparent. In a period of national prosperity and high employment far too few representative young Canadians can be enticed into military service; and if, as the economists tell us, the golden age of Canada is as yet only at the dawn, the recruiting situation isn't likely to improve.

Meanwhile the British, the Americans, the French, the Dutch and the Belgians have it all over us, man for man, soldier for soldier, and inevitably formation for formation. But these countries recruit their soldiers by national service, by draft, by—dare one mention the word?—conscription. Their units are as good as a crosscut of their youth. Canada's unit isn't. ★

(Advertisement)


there's many a slip ...

"Sew her shady lip to a sheet," commanded Mr. Spooner. What he had meant to say, of course, was, "Show her ladyship to a seat". While the slip provoked considerable merriment, there was no surprise. William A. Spooner, of New College, Oxford, was famous for his slips of the tongue.

In fact, he achieved the distinction — one which he would doubtless have cheerfully foregone — of adding a new word to the English language. The dictionary defines a "spoonerism" as "the unintentional transposition of sounds or parts of words in speaking".

Spooner was an unwilling past master at this art. One of his most oft-quoted spoonerisms was a rebuke to a woman whom he found occupying his pew in church: "Madam, you are occupeating my pie!"

Nearly everybody commits a spoonerism sooner or later. You take little risk of linguistic complications, however, when you order Molson's ale. When you decide to become articulate about that half-warmed fish — sorry, half-formed wish — for a bottle of the mellow, sparkling beverage that has been a favorite in Canada since 1786, you merely utter a phrase which even the inspired Spooner would have had difficulty in mutilating: "Make Mine Molson's!"



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The Fateful Gamble on the Rhine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

He came into the room like a man drunk or sick or crazy. He could hardly walk. His eyes saw nothing. He stood on a platform and four men in generals' uniforms—I'd never seen them before—stood opposite him at the other end of the room.

"Now listen to what I tell you. When Hitler's eyes caught the eyes of those men suddenly he came to life, he woke up, he began to speak and he made a great speech for an hour without stopping. His eyes never left those other men. Then I knew. I went home and I told my wife Hitler is not a hypnotist as everybody thinks. He is hypnotized. He is a medium—a medium, you understand, for others."

I put this recital down because I think the colonel was speaking the truth as he saw it. He believed that legend of his own imagining. That is one of the first things to understand about the Germans—they can believe almost anything if it is unlikely, dark and mysterious enough.

Another of Hitler's officers broke into the conversation to ask me what I thought about the Nuremberg trials. Giving me no chance to reply he added fiercely: "They could have shot our generals if they wanted to. That would have been correct. We would have understood when we lost the war. But to hang them like criminals! To hang officers! Yes, and to try them in a court with a Jew as the chief judge! That we will never forget. No, and we will never forgive!"

Having made that clear he subsided into a wine glass. The colonel went on to tell more tales of Hitler's salad days, most of them too fantastic to be worth printing. As I rose to leave not long before dawn the assembly joined in a friendly farewell, singing Aufwiedersehen in my honor. At the door the colonel shook my hand and then drawing himself up in a soldier's ramrod posture he cried out so that all the room could hear: "For five years we stood against the world! Alone against the whole world! It was too much. But what other people could have done that?" The eyes of the crowd confirmed his challenge.

In this man and in nearly every man and woman I met in Germany there was no sense of war guilt, no flicker of conscience, no awareness of any wrongdoing, no regret except for the military blunder of a two-front war, no understanding of democracy as we know it, no grasp of Germany's present place in the scheme of nations.

But in all of them, from government officials who are managing an incredible national recovery to workmen who know nothing but work, there was a single unspoken resolve—Germany must become great again. Great for what? That is the gamble.

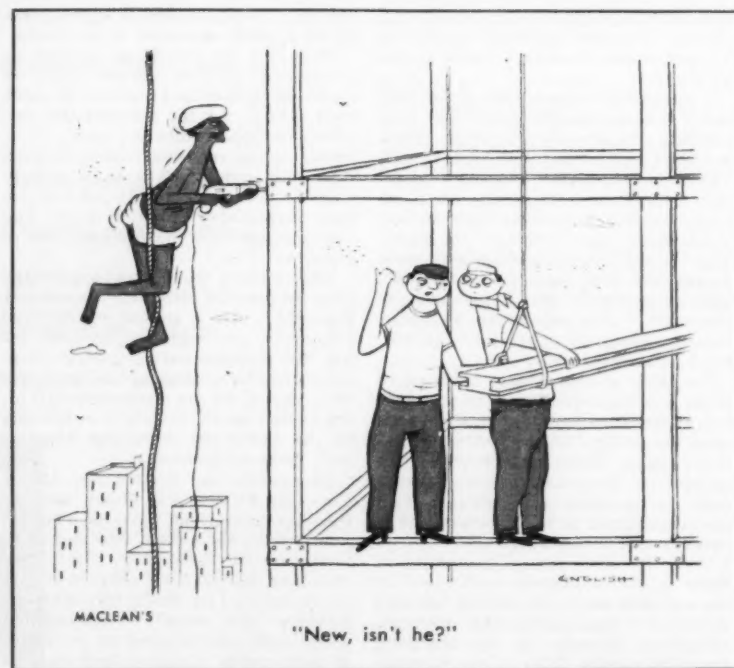
The Germans' resolve is being fulfilled already. In a few years at most Germany will be the most powerful nation in Western Europe. All calculations about Europe's future must start with that premise. Nothing can suppress these people because they work like no other people on the continent. As a professor of German history told me, "With us work is not only a way of earning a living, it is a hunger. Without work we are not just poor, we are sick. Hitler succeeded because he seemed to cure the sickness of the depression."

In the Ruhr Valley you can drive for a whole day along Hitler's *Autobahn* and all around you to the edge of the horizon a towering jungle of smokestacks looms black against the sky. Their smoke plumes write an ironic finis to the Churchill-Roosevelt plan, conceived at Quebec, to pastoralize and paralyze the German state.

The towns still lie broken by Allied bombs up to the walls of the factories. But inside those walls the machinery is repaired and working day and night. The carpenters and bricklayers who rebuild the towns start work at seven and quit at six.

The hotel dining room in a Ruhr town where I stopped for the night was crowded with commercial travelers who brought their order books to the table and worked through their dinner. They were selling the gigantic product of Germany's reviving industry. The stores of the town were filled with every kind of manufactured article from cosmetics to pianos at prices so ridiculously low that most similar British and American products could not compete with them in an open market—a sure warning of drastic changes ahead in the world's trade.

Germany has restored, possesses and



knows how to use the most powerful productive apparatus in Europe.

That is the first tangible factor in the gamble. The second is equally certain—Germany is to be rearmed and soon will be again a major military power. At this writing it is by no means clear how Germany is to be rearmed. The European Defense Community, by which German forces were to be diluted and controlled within an international army, is stalled by French objection and may well be dead, as many European and American statesmen believe. If EDC is dead Germany will still be rearmed one way or another.

Its rearmament is the basic and most essential policy of the United States in Europe. For lacking German military strength Europe will remain indefensible. If Germany cannot be armed as part of an international army, if France continues to veto its admission to NATO, it will be armed under much more dangerous conditions of independence—and soon.

The United States had high hopes for EDC earlier this year when France seemed ready to ratify the necessary agreements. It has been bitterly disappointed by the developing confusion of French politics in which ratification, or any constructive policy for that matter, has proved impossible. French politics, however, are unpredictable and the agreements may yet be approved by the French parliament. But the United States, having waited a year already, will not wait much longer before giving Germany weapons.

No one in Europe sees the ultimate result of German rearmament. No European trusts the Germans. The statesmen may make soothing speeches but the common man does not believe them.

"The French," said a Canadian who has lived among them for thirty years, "fear the Russians. Yes, but they fear the Germans far more." No one can doubt that after talking to the ordinary people of France.

"Give the Germans twenty-five years or so," said a Dutchman who spent the war in a German labor gang, "and when they've found their new Führer they'll march again." He pointed to the gaping empty space in the centre of Rotterdam carved out by German bombers in half an hour. "I saw that happen. The Germans will come back when they're ready. They never change."

In the mountains of Italy—the friend of Germany only yesterday—I met an Italian economist, once a member of Mussolini's brain trust and an officer who fought through zero weather in Greece clad in shorts and cotton tunic. Now he was disillusioned and wistfully confessed his country's fatal error.

"In peace," he said, "the Germans are kind and charming. In war they are transformed. I tell you, sir, they are devils! That was Mussolini's ruin—to trust them. Believe me, I know. Once I was in charge of Hitler's bodyguard when he came to Florence. I saw that man up close and I was afraid—a mad man. You could see it in his eyes. When I saw the Germans in the war I knew we had chosen the wrong side and would be destroyed."

The government of the Western German republic knows Europe's fears and hopes they are groundless. It can only hope. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, that remarkable small-time local politician who discovered the world in his old age and has become the most formidable figure in contemporary Europe, so far controls his nation and holds it within the Western community. But the life of his government hangs on a thread, it survives by shaky day-to-day bargains in an un-

easy coalition and it may not last through the autumn elections.

What then? Would a victorious socialist party maintain Adenauer's foreign policy? The British and Americans at Bonn believe it would, with necessary face-saving reservations.

Adenauer's left-wing opposition attacks the EDC treaty ratified a few months ago. It denounces foreign interference but in private its leaders admit that there is no place for Germany to go except the Western camp, no escape from the necessity of rearmament. The internal politics of Germany are a

small matter beside the larger question which is unanswerable: Can the new German state learn to operate the democratic process?

A highly intelligent young expert of the German government hazarded this answer: "Our people don't understand democracy yet. They are irritated and baffled by all this squabbling over the constitution and all the jockeying between the parties. They are not used to these delays and they don't know what is at stake because this form of government is outside their experience. They want to get things done, and

whatever you may say about the Nazis they got things done—too well, unfortunately.

"We need about twenty-five years of peace in which we can educate our people and bring on a new generation raised under democracy. That's not long to ask. You people needed centuries. But will we have those twenty-five years?"

There is the paramount question in a nutshell. Will Germany have time to learn and is it capable of learning? No man can possibly know. German democracy, a frail and doubtful growth,

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is at the mercy of unpredictable events.

In Heidelberg, the cradle of the German culture that turned sour, I watched the confused search for democracy. The streets were packed with parades of rival parties each carrying its own banners and chanting its private slogans. The largest parade ended in a park where, between bouts of recorded music, hoarse orators thundered at a rather listless crowd.

An American military policeman watching this demonstration with a bored look was ostentatiously ignored by everybody. I asked him what the

meeting was about. "Search me," he said in the accents of Brooklyn. "Every now and then they've got to shoot off their faces. I guess it makes them feel better. But it doesn't mean anything."

Overhead at that moment six jets scrawled the signature of American power across the sky. No one seemed to notice them. The Germans were ignoring their conquerors while they tried to master the alien system which the conquerors have planted among them.

In a beer garden close to the famous crimson bridge of Heidelberg the alum-

ni of the university had gathered for a reunion. These men of middle age wore the queer round caps of their student days and gay ribbons across their chests. Most of them also wore the prized scars of the duel on their faces. They clicked their heels, bowed stiffly from the waist and kissed the ladies' hands in the best traditional fashion.

Democracy meant nothing to such men. They lived in an imaginary world of "honor" now dead, but their nostalgia is still a living force. German democracy must reckon with it.

On the river bank I fell into talk

with a clean-cut young man who said he had been a captain in Rommel's army, had been captured and imprisoned in Canada where he learned English.

"The trouble," he said, "is that there's no chance in politics for young fellows like me. The old men won't let us in. All of us, you see, were brought up in Hitler's time. We knew nothing else. We couldn't imagine any other kind of system. So my friends have stopped thinking about politics."

Given peace, the Germans may learn to make the parliamentary system work. Given an explosion in Europe even far short of general war—a serious depression for example—Germany's instincts are likely to turn naturally to the old principle of leadership, authority and obedience.

"You people in America and Britain," a German professor told me, "imagine that everyone should be a democrat. You think democracy is good for every country. Did you ever think it might not be? My people have always relied on leadership at the top. They turn naturally to a leader whenever they're in trouble."

Yet the democratic process is working. The Adenauer Government has performed a miracle. The German people are free as they have never been before, the national debate is conducted fearlessly in the open, the government's Opposition (an incredible invention by German experience) has the chance to capture office by honest ballots, and the experiment which failed in the brief Weimar Republic is progressing perhaps more successfully than anyone had a right to expect.

If the West has blundered in its German policies the Russians have proved infinitely more stupid. The third factor in the German riddle is the total failure of Russian policy throughout the heartland of Europe.

That failure lies stark and legible across Berlin, the core of the world struggle. Thus is written the story of Russia's adventure in Germany—a false front with nothing behind it. The Russians have succeeded only in making all Germans hate them. The tide of hatred, long pent up, issued in the midsummer strikes and riots of Eastern Germany. It sweeps refugees out of the Russian zone in the thousands every week, all their possessions carried on their backs or in pitiable home-made carts and perambulators. The determined man can usually escape once he penetrates the armed corridor which runs like a moat around the entire city. Recently, for instance, an eminent German doctor left his operating room in East Berlin on the pretense of getting a cup of coffee, slipped into his car and drove to freedom in his surgeon's gown.

Berlin is an island in siege, one of the noblest cities of the world with all its economic roots cut. It lives, a civic zombie, no one quite knows how, by a perilous blood transfusion along one artery of road traffic and one air corridor. Still it lives, and its inhabitants are getting used to a geographic, political and economic impossibility.

Such a monstrosity—this tomb of exile which is still the spiritual capital of the German people—cannot continue indefinitely. Therein lies the danger which may explode at any moment.

Among the occupying powers there are two conflicting theories about the events of the next few months. On the one hand some of the best-informed men of the Allied occupation hold that for many years to come there will be two Germanys and the West must concert its policies accordingly.

The opposite school replies that a situation so unnatural and artificial will not last. I heard this case argued over



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and over again by men who know Germany. They maintain that the supreme object of Russian policy in Europe is to prevent the rearmament of Germany. Russia is just as sincere as the French in its fear of an armed Germany because it has felt that power in two invasions within the memory of living men.

Therefore, having failed to grasp Western Germany as it hoped, having failed to sell Communism even to the Eastern Germans, it will soon try another stratagem.

It will offer to unify Germany and set it free, provided it remains unarmed, at least in the beginning, and makes no alliance with the West. This offer will throw a monkey wrench into the whole Allied policy in Germany. The Adenauer Government, if it is still in office, will reject the unification offer as a mere trap to entice Germany into the Communist world.

But could the Adenauer or any other Government survive if it rejected that urgent racial hope? Finally, if Russia played the ultimate ace, long up its sleeve, and offered to return the far eastern marches now in Polish hands, would the Germans resist their chance to regain all of the ancient German earth?

The first school of thinkers replies that Russia dare not risk such a venture. Russia now holds Eastern Germany against the Germans' will. A new government of united Germany might be uncontrollable. It might gradually arm itself despite all agreements to the contrary; and its army might face the wrong way.

These conflicting theories are the calculations of experts and they fill the diplomatic pouches moving from Germany to London, Washington and Paris. But no one, not even the Russians, can know the answer because no one can know or permanently control the mind of the new Germany. For Russia as for us it is only a gamble.

None of this can be considered for a moment apart from the tragedy of France. It is easy to say, as impatient men in Washington are saying, that France had better be written off as a reliable ally—a nation which cannot maintain a cabinet for more than a few months, which has never truly learned the parliamentary system; a nation which insists on government services but will not pay for them, a race of stubborn individualists who have always hated the state and (as one cynical Parisian put it) count the day lost if they have not cheated the government out of one tax or another.

France cannot be written off if for no other reason than that its geography is essential to the defense of Germany and thus to the defense of the continent. The whole military planning of NATO is based on French territory and its planes are based on French air-dromes. But if Germany is to be re-armed over French protests, if France is convinced that it has been sold out, the whole strategy of European defense and, more important, the whole attempt to unify Western Europe will be undermined by French intransigence.

Somehow France must be persuaded that her future, the future of her neighbors, of Britain, the United States, Canada and the entire free world cannot be separated for a moment from the future of Germany. That is the calculated risk. In fact, the risk can-

not be calculated since it rests on the incalculable substance of the German mind.

The West must face it, trusting the Germans and keeping its powder dry. The powder is in the hands of NATO, now a living organism with international machinery cutting clean across national boundaries.

It must be ready to defend Europe against the first symptoms of a reviving German militarism as surely as it meets the present peril of Russian Communism. In a few more years at its present rate of progress it should

be equipped for both tasks. And it must be friendly, successful and strong enough to hold the Germans of their own free will within the Western community until they learn to manage their own freedom peaceably.

The morning after the party in the Rhenish wine house, a queer little man, neat, respectable and obviously poor—a schoolteacher, he said—approached me while I was eating breakfast in a garden beside the river. Glancing about to make sure we were not overheard, he said that he had listened to my chat with the SS colonel.

"Sir," he protested with an almost comic anxiety, "do not believe that man. He is not German. No, we are finished with all that. You can count on one thing—we want no more war. We want no more Hitlers. We want to be left alone. That, sir, is sure."

It is equally sure that the Germans cannot be left alone because they happen to occupy the fulcrum of the world's dizzy seesaw. Was this tortured little man right even about the mind of his people?

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The Salty Capital of Southern Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Canadian." They thought this would hurt his sales. Instead it increased them, and soon some of those very competitors were labeling their own bottles Canadian. The town of Walkerville, now merged with Windsor, grew up around his enterprise.

The grey-bearded frock-coated Walker, an abstemious churchgoer who didn't approve of people who drank his whisky, backed a number of other successful ventures including a railroad from Windsor to St. Thomas, Ont. But one—a cranberry farm—flopped completely. He spent a hundred thousand dollars trying to prove cranberries would thrive as well in Walkerville's swamps as in Cape Cod's bogs. After years of effort he reaped barely enough cranberries for a single pie. "Gentlemen," he announced as he divided this among friends he had invited to dinner, "you are about to eat the most expensive dessert on record."

The prospect of hauling some of Walker's freight was one of the factors that induced the Canadian Pacific Railway to run a line into Windsor in 1890. It wasn't quite sure what else it would find to carry, but stumbled on a solution by uncovering salt at Sandwich, just west of Windsor, when it was laying its roadbed. The railway organized and backed the company which developed the deposit. But the product which had the greatest impact on Windsor wasn't whisky or salt. It was automobiles.

Henry Ford had started manufacturing cars in Detroit in 1903. That same year a wagon works on the outskirts of Windsor ran into difficulties and Walter McGregor, its square-jawed young office manager, could see his job vanishing. Worry inspired him to persuade Ford that tariff barriers could be hurdled by making cars in Canada—in the wagon works, of course.

Under an arrangement with Ford, who assured himself of a controlling interest but put up none of the hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars of capital, McGregor organized the Ford Motor Company of Canada. In 1904, with seventeen employees, it turned out one hundred and seventeen Fords. The total payroll, including McGregor's salary, was twelve thousand dollars. Finances were so slim that when one car was assembled McGregor often had to rush out and sell it before he could buy parts for another. Once a bolt dropped through a crack in the floor and the Ford Motor Company of Canada had to suspend operations while McGregor went to a hardware store.

Later, the Chrysler Corporation built a huge Windsor plant which now has a payroll second only to Ford's. General Motors manufactures engines at Windsor. Ford and Chrysler have both announced vast plans for expansion at Windsor—this in spite of the fact that Ford is transferring part of its activities to a new plant at Oakville, Ont.

By latest estimates Windsor has forty thousand industrial workers, twenty-five thousand of them producing automobiles and automotive equipment and the other fifteen thousand producing everything from tin buttons to steel bridges, from whisky to hang-over remedies, from perfume to chlorine gas and from toilet seats and toy horses to playing cards.

Windsor's most rapid development was in the Nineteen Twenties when, for a while, an average of one factory a week moved in. Real-estate prices

soared to fantastic heights, optimists talked of a population of a million, and immigrants swarmed in from Europe, speaking a score of languages.

From Russia came Prince Volkonsky, whose boast that he was the world's foremost swordsman suffered when he was beaten by a YMCA fencing teacher. But most of Windsor's new residents were simply laborers in a strange land of assembly lines, trying to learn English, trying to familiarize themselves with new customs. They brought Windsor a splash of color, a cosmopolitan flavor which still survives.

Above all the Nineteen Twenties was the decade of the boisterous prohibition spree. The U. S. went dry in 1920, and so did most Canadian provinces, but it was legal to export liquor from Canada. And opposite Windsor was great parched Detroit, and behind Detroit there was the whole U. S. with its tongue hanging out. It was a perfect setup for an easy dollar—or an easy million.

Petit Cote, six miles west of Windsor, was a quiet village where the people spoke French and attended Mass every Sunday. On weekdays they cultivated radish patches. Petit Cote was famous for its radishes. But the radish-growers learned that if they rowed to Detroit with a bottle of whisky they could sell it for the price of two bottles. Soon they were selling cases instead of bottles and had launches instead of rowboats. They built big docks and imposing houses, and even changed the name of one section of Petit Cote to Lasalle, which sounded swankier.

For a decade more liquor moved across a couple of miles of waterfront at Lasalle than across any other couple of miles on earth. Other border communities followed suit. A ludicrous angle was that liquor exported from Canada was billed out by straight-faced Canadian customs officers to destinations like Cuba or St. Pierre and Miquelon, where liquor was legal. When a boat cleared for Cuba in the morning, and returned in the afternoon to clear for St. Pierre, nobody asked questions.

The top operators around Windsor were the Low brothers, Harry and Sam. Harry had been a mechanic and Sam a storekeeper. They piled up a fortune, lived like Oriental potentates, bought control of Carling's brewery, put up the Dominion Square Building in Montreal. They took over an abandoned railway station on Windsor's waterfront, fixed it up and threw parties for their customers in the waiting room.

Jim Cooper, an amiable giant whose hobby was sending orphans to private schools and summer camps and buying them ponies, was rumored to have a pipeline under the river through which he pumped whisky. The rumor sprang from his lavish display of wealth. Windsor had never before seen a mansion like Cooper Court, with its marble-bordered swimming pool and its pipe organ. Actually, Cooper needed no pipeline. His market was in Canada and the key to his fortune was a loophole in the law. Cooper discovered that while it was illegal to buy liquor in Ontario, it was legal to buy it outside Ontario and have it delivered to Ontario. He opened an office in Detroit where orders were accepted from Canada by mail or telephone. Under the curious technicalities of law, the placing of an order in Detroit constituted a purchase in Detroit, and the goods so purchased could be delivered legally in Windsor, from a Windsor warehouse. It's all very confusing and involved, but it made Cooper a millionaire. He catered to most of the roadhouse trade on the Canadian side of the border, and Detroiters, afraid of

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MACLEAN'S

being poisoned by moonshine on their own side, flocked across the Detroit River. Around Windsor, inns sprouted overnight and were packed with hilarious humanity. This outraged Rev. Leslie Spracklin, of Windsor's Howard Avenue Mission, whose impassioned speeches finally induced authorities to appoint him a special temperance enforcement officer with the right to carry a gun.

Spracklin swaggered around with an armed bodyguard, raiding inns. They even raided a private yacht, without a warrant. The owner sued them for illegal search and was awarded nominal damages by Mr. Justice Latchford of the Ontario Supreme Court, who commented that Spracklin and his pals, boarding the yacht, "displayed their pistols like veritable pirates." In 1921 Spracklin and his men climbed through the window of the Chappell House. They were surprised in their snooping by Babe Trumbull, the proprietor. After an argument Spracklin shot and killed Trumbull. Charged with murder, he testified that Trumbull had moved a hand as though reaching for a gun. He was acquitted on a plea of self-defense although it was shown that Trumbull had not been armed.

Of all the inns around Windsor Bertha Thomas' place was probably the most popular. Bertha was buxom, beautiful, full of personality, a Canadian counterpart of Manhattan's Texas Guinan. Her meals were good, her drinks were good, her band was lively. Bertha's is still running, Bertha is still there, but the atmosphere isn't the same. It's not merely respectable, it's refined. Most of the other hotspots of the Twenties are gone. Gone, too, are the rumrunners. The Lows lost their money and dropped out of sight. Jim Cooper was drowned when he tumbled off the liger Deutschland in mid-Atlantic. And in Petit Cote, radishes are flourishing again.

Also gone from Windsor are the race tracks of the giddy decade—Windsor Jockey Club, now a public park; Devonshire; Kenilworth, where Man O' War, the greatest American horse of all time, defeated the Canadian horse Sir Barton in 1920 for a purse of eighty thousand dollars, the fattest prize in Canada's turf history. Because betting was then prohibited in Michi-

gan, Detroit race fans kept Windsor's tracks going. Now Windsorites who want to see the horses run have to cross to Detroit.

Another memory of the Twenties is of Fred Martin, a ruddy-faced Salvation Army officer with a booming voice and an ambitious dream: A tunnel from Windsor to Detroit. With three hundred and fifty dollars of savings he obtained leave of absence from the Salvation Army, took off his uniform, sallied forth and raised twenty-four million dollars. In 1929, pocketing seventy thousand dollars as promoter's commission, he sat happily back while the tunnel was driven across. Meanwhile J. W. Bower, a New York banker, was spanning the river with a bridge a mile from the tunnel, and the Detroit-Windsor ferry boats were making their last runs.

In 1927 began a new chapter of Windsor's reputation for lawlessness. Rugged granite-faced W. F. Herman, publisher of the Windsor Star, charged that police were closing their eyes to vice. He sent reporters out to uncover bootlegging and gambling joints and bawdy houses. He printed lists of them. This touched off an investigation which ended in the resignation of the police chief and the magistrate and the dismissal of several policemen.

Hardly a year has since passed in Windsor without a noisy public investigation of the police. There have even been inquiries into the affairs of two of Windsor's hospitals and into other phases of municipal administration. Actually, Windsor's reputation as a tough lawless city is probably unjustified today, for Windsor is at least a partly reformed character filled with civic pride and crowded with organizations dedicated to worthy causes.

Windsor, which entered 1920 with about fifty thousand people and a rosy outlook, entered 1930 with roughly one hundred thousand and the blues. Twelve thousand residents lost their jobs in Detroit in 1927 because of a change in immigration regulations. Its real-estate boom had folded, its leading citizens had taken a beating in the stock-market crash and, worst of all, Canadians hadn't the money to buy Windsor's cars. By 1933 two Windsorites out of five were on relief.

Windsor and the contiguous com-




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munities of Sandwich, Walkerville and East Windsor couldn't meet their bond interest and in 1935 had to unite as one city. After that things gradually improved. The war brought full recovery. It also brought labor unions into their own in a town which had formerly had strong anti-union elements. The automobile industry, which had fought the union movement tooth and nail, now had to bow to the United Auto Workers, a CIO union. The union victory resulted from a strike in 1945 which lasted ninety-nine days and in which workers reinforced their picket lines with a spectacular barricade of fifteen hundred automobiles drawn up bumper-to-bumper around the Ford plant. The UAW now has twenty-five thousand members in Windsor. Three locals own their own buildings, and the UAW Canadian executive is lodged in a modernistic structure on Ouellette Avenue, the main street.

Windsorites, so hard hit in the Thirties, so busy making money before and after that, were never noted as patrons of art and culture. But now they feel they can afford a few luxuries. Ferenc Varga, a talented sculptor from Budapest who fled from the wrong side of the Iron Curtain and landed in Windsor, is struggling night and day to catch up on orders for statues. And Windsor now has a forty-five-piece symphony orchestra.

Meanwhile Arthur J. Reaume, a dark athletic man who is only forty-six now but has been mayor of Windsor for twelve years, is busy with plans for

Windsor's centennial next year. It was in 1854 that the Great Western Railway, today a branch of the CNR, laid a track to Windsor, which marked the event by becoming a village.

Reaume's French paternal ancestors had already been in Windsor a century and a quarter in 1854. They were there when the French founders handed Windsor over to the victorious English. In 1812 there were Reaumes in the small force that counterattacked and captured Detroit. Reaume's maternal forebears were English and Protestant.

"My father," he chuckles, "was a Catholic and my mother was an Anglican. So they compromised by getting married in Detroit's First Presbyterian Church. Now I'm a Mick, and I have a brother who is an Anglican." He does his swearing in French but converses with more facility in English.

One thing that makes him swear is the phrase "racial tolerance." At least, he doesn't like to hear this applied to Windsor. "If you allow as we do in Windsor that there is nothing inferior about people who are different in color or creed, then you don't have to be tolerant. You simply accept them."

Reaume points out that Windsor didn't elect a Jewish mayor, David Croll, in the toughest period of the depression because it was tolerant but because it felt Croll was honest, sincere, capable. For the same reason it has been re-electing Dr. H. D. Taylor, a Negro physician, to its school board for twenty years. Taylor is now serving his

never UNDERESTIMATE a woman

BY PAUL STEINER

In Quebec City, a woman driver explained to police why she parked near a fire hydrant: "I had a dog in the car."

Vancouver police sought a ninety-year-old woman after her daughter reported her missing. They found that she had eloped and was en route to Victoria on a honeymoon.

A woman in Victoria, witness to a traffic accident, refused to kiss the court Bible when she was called to testify in City Police Court. "It might not be clean," she told the clerk, opened her shopping bag and produced her own Bible, neatly wrapped in tissue paper.

A woman in St. Catharines, Ont., told police why she swindled department stores, for which she was sentenced to one year in jail: "I like them because they refund your money so cheerfully."



Mrs. Mary Ireland, who won a hog-calling contest in Shelburne, Ont., explained that she got her practice by calling her husband for meals.

A Brown Hill, Ont., woman, 103, recalling that she had turned down a marriage proposal fifteen years ago, admitted that she would not reject one now "if the right man comes along."

A woman in Cranbrook, B.C., who picked up a thirteen-heart hand in a game of bridge, worked herself into a bid of seven hearts redoubled, cleaning up more than two thousand points.

The new Mrs. Charles Reynolds, of Winnipeg, coyly admitted that her marriage last year was a leap-year affair. The groom agreed that she had popped the question. The bride: 73; the groom, 74.

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Isn't this a wonderful idea? Six strong interlocking colored cogs revolve as one master cog is turned. The cogs can be arranged in more than 50 different combinations and, as long as they touch, they will all revolve—an enchanting exercise in cause and effect. Supplied in 7-color gift box.

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second term as chairman of the board.

James Watson, assistant city solicitor since 1947 and city solicitor since 1951, worked his way through Osgoode Hall law school, Toronto, as a sleeping-car porter. He used to astound traveling businessmen by untangling their legal problems, although he can't remember ever receiving more than an ordinary tip.

"Windsor," says Dr. Roy Perry, a Negro dentist, "is one of the most enlightened communities in North America." Perry has been chairman of the Board of Health, has held every office in the Essex County Dental Association, including the chairmanship, and for four years has been a Windsor alderman and chairman of the civic parks and recreation committee. More of his patients are white than colored. The majority of them are children who instead of dreading their trips to the dentist look forward to visiting the big soft-spoken gentle man.

Perry, son of a riverboat stoker, remembered gratefully how the late Bill Wesgate, a Windsor ice-cream manufacturer, used to treat him and a multitude of other youngsters with free samples of his product every Halloween. Perry decided that some day he'd like to do something for kids himself. Now his annual skating party, for which he hires the Windsor Arena and buys the butcher shops out of hot dogs, is attended by more than a thousand young guests.

Perry's wife, who has a BA degree from a college in Virginia, is working toward an MA degree at Assumption University, a Roman Catholic institution in Windsor. A former Detroit advertising woman, she manages Assumption's Year Book and has sold more advertising for it than anybody ever did before. It's typical of Windsor that nobody thinks it is strange that she, colored and Protestant, should be soliciting business for a Roman Catholic institution.

Neither does anybody think it strange that Assumption, established in 1855, should have a student body that is one third Protestant and also contains Orthodox Greeks, Hebrews and an agnostic.

Roy Perry's brother, Walter, runs a newsstand and also stages Windsor's Emancipation Day celebration each August which draws up to a hundred thousand, lasts three days, and features fried chicken and watermelon dinners, speeches by outstanding Negroes, concerts by Negro musicians and a contest to pick a dusky queen of beauty.

Windsorites, although they wrap their Sunday garbage in Detroit Sunday papers, stick to the Windsor Star on weekdays. The three Detroit newspapers, the Free Press, the Times and the News, once sold more copies in Windsor than the Star, but the late W. F. Herman, a giant in Canadian journalism, changed that. Its daily circulation, now seventy-three thousand, is ten times the combined circulation of the Detroit papers in Windsor.

Windsor will soon have its own television station to compete with Detroit's three. The Windsor district, the Windsor Chamber of Commerce says, has more television sets than any other part of Canada, fifty-three thousand. And most viewers, it is believed, will prefer to watch Canadian programs when they are available. For Windsor, friendly as it is with Detroit, and closer to a dozen American cities than to the nearest Canadian city, prefers to be Canadian. It clings to Canadian ways, Canadian institutions, with the stubborn determination of the Englishman who dresses for dinner in the steaming jungle. It won't be a suburb of Detroit. ★

Backstage in the Campaign

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

but folding his hands and doing nothing for the rest of his life.

Since then Dame Rumor has said nothing at all about a St. Laurent retirement.

NO OPPOSITION PARTY is planning a change of leadership, but all three might find themselves confronted with it in certain circumstances.

Conservatives admit quite openly that if George Drew wins fewer than ninety seats there will be a strong attempt to remove him in favor of John Diefenbaker.

Drew's friends are alert to smother this clamor when or if it arises and if the Conservative Party has made a reasonably creditable showing—say, eighty seats—they may be able to prevent the anti-Drew faction from emerging into the open. If, on the other hand, the party does no better under Drew than it did in 1945 under John Bracken (sixty-seven seats in a smaller House) then Drew will almost certainly be out as Conservative leader.

M. J. Coldwell, CCF chieftain, has no need to worry about the election result. Whether the CCF does well or badly he can be the party leader as long as he likes. He has neither enemies nor rivals for the leadership—but he does have friends who are more concerned about his personal health and welfare than about the CCF's.

Coldwell underwent a serious operation last winter and has not fully recovered his strength. Even before the shock of his wife's death at the end of June he had lost much of the vigor and verve which made him such an outstanding figure in four parliaments. It will be a matter of much more regret than surprise if he feels obliged during his fifth consecutive parliament to pass the CCF leadership to a younger man.

As for Solon Low, the Social Credit Party's national leader, his position is odd. For one thing, his own riding of Peace River has never been a really safe seat for Social Credit. Low won it in 1949 by three hundred and forty-three votes. This time, CCFers as well as Liberals say the Liberal candidate has a good chance of beating him. The CCF, which regards Solon Low and Social Credit as Enemy No. 1, seriously considered withdrawing its own candidate in Peace River to make the Liberal's task easier.

Aside from the possibility of personal defeat Solon Low's relations with some sections of his own party have aroused some curiosity among outsiders. At a Social Credit conference in Toronto in June which drew up the program for the Social Credit campaign the press table was astonished as the head table filed in to lunch. E. G. Hansell, national president of the association, had Premier W. A. C. Bennett of British Columbia on his right and Premier Ernest Manning of Alberta on his left. Solon Low, the national leader, was seated well below the salt.

Solon Low the same evening, in a free-time broadcast over the CBC national network, commended George Drew's intention of cutting half a billion dollars off the tax bill—but, said Low, it could never be done "by orthodox means." Social Credit could do it, but only by Social Credit policies.

Rightly or wrongly some reporters thought they saw a collision coming up between the conservative businessman types who dominate Social Credit in provincial affairs and the much more doctrinaire monetary reformers of the

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- Spread over top of apple pie.
- As filling for stuffed celery.



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Social Credit Party's federal group. Premier Bennett was a Conservative two years ago—a candidate, in fact, for the Conservative leadership in B. C. His former Minister of Finance, Hon. Einar Gunderson, was a Liberal—his office wall was adorned by an autographed photo of Louis St. Laurent. (Gunderson was defeated in the recent B. C. provincial election and his political future as this is written is uncertain.) Bennett's Attorney-General, Hon. Robert Bonner, is a recent past president of the B. C. Young Progressive-Conservative Association.

Such men as these know little of Social Credit theory and seem to care less. Premier Bennett told reporters on his arrival in Toronto that Social Credit was "entering" the federal field. This statement caused visible irritation among those earnest Social Crediters who have been in the federal field for eighteen years. But it is possible this was no slip of the tongue. It's possible Bennett really meant that his kind of Social Credit was now in the federal field for the first time.

EVEN THOUGH election day is still

ahead at this writing I think it's possible to award the booby prize for the campaign. It was won by the Liberal organization of Windsor, Ont., at the Prime Minister's opening meeting.

Windsor has always been outstanding. It was the Windsor Liberal organization which, at the Liberal convention of 1948, marched a pipers' band into the middle of Mackenzie King's valedictory speech. This year the same group made a creditable try at breaking its own record.

Nothing was left to chance. Every minute was planned and scheduled—

the program listed separate events for 8:25 p.m., 8:29 p.m., 8:30 p.m., 8:32 p.m., 8:33 p.m. and 8:35 p.m., to take only one section of it.

Cheer leaders were assigned (8:29 p.m.) to "enthuse crowd concerning arrival of Prime Minister" and they tackled the job with professional vigor. It was a hot night and only about thirty-five hundred people were seated in a rink which can hold nine thousand, but the cheer leaders behaved as if there were Liberals dangling from the rafters. They were certainly enthused, if nobody else was.

The program said that at 8:55 p.m. "radio announcer takes over." His job was to instruct the crowd in the proper behavior of a studio audience and he had a friend who held up a big placard saying "Applause and cheers now." Then, the announcer explained to the silent crowd, his friend would hold up another sign which said "In fifteen seconds, quiet please," and that would be the signal to moderate their enthusiasm.

Unluckily the chairman forgot to call one item in the program (8:45 p.m.—Band Number) with the result that the radio announcer took over five minutes ahead of schedule. He stretched out his little spiel as best he could but when he finished it was only 8:56 p.m. The crowd sat in dead silence for four minutes ("I distinctly heard some Tory saboteur drop a cigarette ash," said a Toronto Star man) before Hon. Paul Martin strode to the microphone and began:

"You can see by the warmth with which you have been greeted, Mr. Prime Minister, what Windsor thinks of you."

Martin spoke for five minutes. He was about half through when Bill Munro, the Liberal Party's advertising man who travels on the campaign train, first heard about the plan to hold up placards for applause. He dashed forward, caught the sign-bearer by the lapel and told him to forget about it. The crowd applauded anyway, of course, when the Prime Minister appeared.

The Prime Minister was using the same thirty-minute script he had broadcast on the CBC national network an hour or so before, expanded by some local references to Windsor. Paul Martin insisted he must speak for at least fifty minutes, leaving only the last ten minutes of the hour for "standing ovation and songs." So the script was extended, but nobody timed the additions and in the end the Prime Minister spoke for an hour and a quarter.

This meant the radio audience never got to hear such lyrics as the following, which were handed out on a pink sheet:

ST. LAURENT Spells VICTORY!
(Tune: Shoo-Fly, Don't Bother Me)
Elections don't bother me,
Elections don't bother me,
Elections don't bother me,

ST. LAURENT Spells VICTORY!
We'll win, we'll win, we'll win,
And keep Uncle Louis in;
We'll win, we'll win, we'll win,
And keep Uncle Louis in.

Toward the end of the Prime Minister's speech I went over to the frustrated sign-bearer, who was leaning rather disconsolately against a rail behind the platform, and asked how he had come to be picked for this sign-waving job.

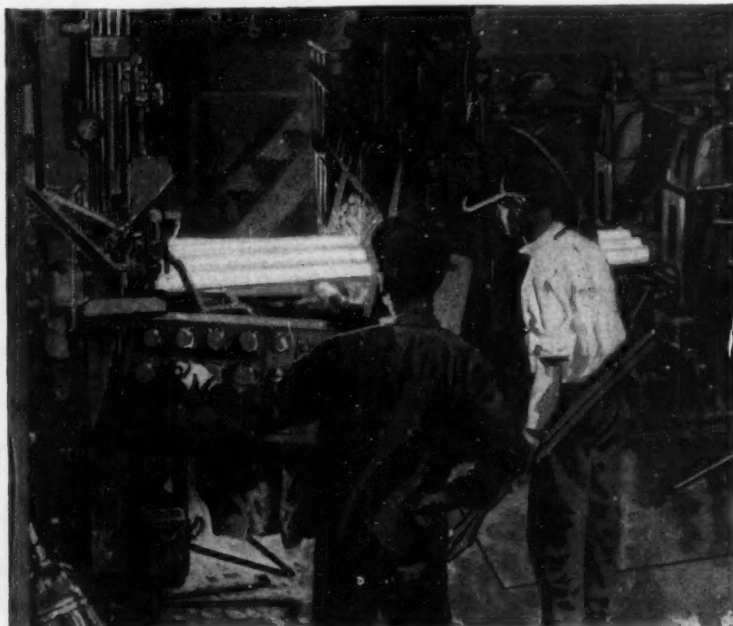
"The Liberal committee in Windsor asked me to," he said.

Was he a member of the Liberal committee?

"Hell, no, I'm not even a Liberal. I haven't made up my mind yet but I think I'll vote CCF."

It was evident that his experience that evening had done nothing to change his intention. ★

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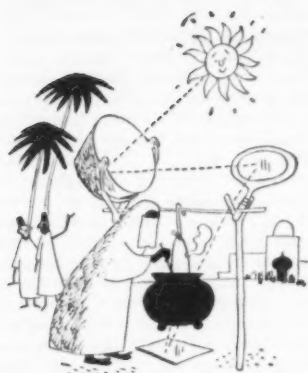
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Solar stove

IN INDIA, scientists have worked out a way to cook food by sun-power. A polished aluminum bowl suspended above a cooking pot directs the sun's rays to a mirror, which reflects the heat to the bottom of the pot. It sounds a bit complicated to us—but the fact is that the solar cooker turns out a meal as fast as a 300-watt electric stove.

It's just one more indication that food and aluminum go together—in containers, utensils, foil and in the equipment used by the dairying and food processing industries. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan)

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The Silent Star of Stratford

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

pause—then her carefully modulated voice had answered, "Why certainly, Mr. Clarke. I should be delighted."

So here she was—in Stratford. Tomorrow night she would move about the stage as one of the anonymous "Ladies" in the play, and speak not a word. The years of elocution lessons, training in dramatics, Little Theatre work, professional stage experience—all for nothing. Even if Irene Worth fell ill, she would not be called on, although she had studied the roles of Helena and Queen Margaret until she was word-perfect. Guthrie—the mighty director, she thought sarcastically, the renowned Doctor Guthrie—had passed her by when he was choosing understudies.

There was always a chance, of course, that both the star and the understudy might fall ill. It wasn't likely, but it could happen. Then Guthrie would take a different tone—pleading, desperate. "Miss Thorpe, I realize that we have no right to ask it—but this is an emergency. You're the only person who can save the Festival." And then the performance, the endless curtain calls, the cheers of the cast, the champagne supper, the raves in the New York papers, the movie contracts . . .

It could happen. But even if it didn't there were other possibilities. Supposing Alec Guinness took the record back to England with him. He had all the contacts and would know which producer would be most interested. And then a few words dropped in the casual British way that was so effective ("Rather an exceptional person—stage presence—projection—brilliance—emotional depths—") . . . The rosy haze of the future spread before her all the way along Mornington Street to the house where Archdeacon Lightbourn lived.

She often came by here on the way to rehearsals, even though it meant walking several extra blocks. There was always a chance that Guinness would be in the garden, or else setting out for a stroll. A casual encounter could lead to bigger things—an invitation to tea, the development of a real friendship, introductions to people who were in a position to help you.

Today, instead of sauntering idly past the house she walked boldly up to the front door and knocked. A girl she didn't know answered—one of the Lightbourn girls, perhaps? You couldn't always tell who was important and who wasn't. Some of the really important people looked so undistinguished that you were apt to overlook them at first, and afterwards it was too late.

She smiled her most ravishing smile and said warmly, "Hello! I promised Mr. Guinness that I'd pop in with this record next time I was passing. Is he home?"

"He's resting right now," the girl said, "but I'll see that he gets it." "Would you really? Oh, that's so good of you."

She hesitated a moment and then, because there was nothing else to do, handed over the record, said "Thank you so much" in a low, throaty voice and glided back down the path.

Her mood was spoiled. It seemed doubtful now that Guinness would even listen to the record, much less take it to England with him. Why should he? she thought cynically. He's at the top, he's set for life now, he doesn't need to associate with walk-ons any more. Well, if that's the way he



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TO THE CANADIAN TASTE

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What it is
How you get it
How to get relief



Athlete's Foot is caused by parasitic micro-organisms. Left untreated, it can burrow under skin tissue, attack nerve endings, lead to disability. Severe case shown here requires doctor's care.



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feels, far be it from me to bother him. She set her chin at a determinedly gay angle and walked along with brisk strides, but her heart wasn't in the performance. Not until she reached the jewelry store did her spirits begin to rise again, stimulated by the prospect of buying something new.

When she saw the three-piece set, her heart gave a great bound. It was so right, so absolutely perfect for her gown—a necklet of emerald green stones, with a fringe of rhinestones dangling in glittering profusion. She held it in her hand, tenderly. The rhinestone fringe on the matching earrings would hang almost to her shoulders. She saw herself floating down the aisle of the theatre—a vision of shining splendor. "I'll take it," she said. The price was more than she could afford, but there were other ways to economize.

Exultant now, she stood outside the jewelry store and for the first time caught the mood of the town. There was a bustle and excitement that was new to Stratford, a heady sense of anticipation that made people smile at strangers and walk with a new spring in their step. She felt it—she shared it. What wonderful people, she thought, what a wonderful city, what a wonderful day! She let herself be carried along with the crowd and then, recognizing a coffee shop that Alan sometimes visited, decided to stop for a sandwich.

Only one booth was empty, and a few moments after she sat down a middle-aged couple asked permission to share it. She agreed graciously. Nothing bothered her now—not even the fact that Alan wasn't here. She was happy.

She had finished her sandwich and was sipping black coffee and smoking when the man across the table finally worked up enough courage to speak.

"Pardon me for asking," he said, "but do you happen to be one of the actresses in the Festival?"

Karen tilted her head and laughed musically. "How did you guess?" she said, and then—with a protesting flutter of her hand—"No, don't tell me. Sometimes I've tried to fool people into thinking I was a stenographer or a housewife or something like that, but it's no use. I suppose when you've been on the stage long enough, you acquire a sort of aura that people recognize immediately."

"Yes—I guess aura's a good word for it," the man said. He looked uncomfortable.

Karen hastened to put him at his ease.

"Have you come to watch the Festival?" she said.

"That's right; we drove all the way from Massachusetts. I teach English in a high school there—place called Rowley, not far from Boston."

"We can hardly wait till tonight," the woman said, "and this makes it even more exciting—meeting you, I mean. What part are you playing?"

"Oh, I'm just a lowly walk-on," Karen said humorously, "one of the Ladies in All's Well." She chuckled. "Three months ago if anyone had suggested I do such a thing—well, it was just inconceivable. But working with Tony—that's different."

"Tony?" the man said, puzzled.

"Oh—sorry," Karen said apologetically. "I'm so used to calling him Tony I forgot that other people wouldn't know the name. I meant Dr. Guthrie, of course. He's a darling." She looked down at the table and smiled in private recollection. Then, raising her eyes, she said, "Actually, I'd hoped to play Lady Anne in Richard and Helena in All's Well, but it seemed impossible for me to get away—radio and TV commitments, you know. It wasn't until

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the last minute that I was able to arrange it. So—here I am!" She shrugged her shoulders, and the three of them laughed together.

Such nice people, Karen thought. Such a nice town. She felt so good that she decided to take a taxi instead of walking, even though she couldn't afford it. At the O-Cedar factory, where the property workshop was located, she asked the driver to wait.

Jenny was all alone in the great empty barn of a place with its smell of varnish and glue and fresh paint. The ordered confusion of helmets and breastplates and elaborate jewelry had disappeared, and the pallid corpse of King Henry VI—with the thick blood oozing through its shroud—no longer rested on its elaborate bier.

"Jenny, darling," Karen said joyfully.

Jenny started and turned away from the sink where she was washing her hands. Such a bit of a thing, Karen thought. With those great dark eyes she looks like a fawn about to run away into the bushes. No style, of course—but what could you do with a meagre frame like that? Still, she was a nice child.

"Where is everybody?" Karen asked.

"Jackie's gone for lunch," Jenny said. She had a light high voice that wouldn't have reached past the first row of a theatre. "The others have finished for the season. There's really nothing to do—we're just touching up a few odds and ends."

"I can't stay," Karen said. "There's a cab waiting. But there was something I just had to say to you. You know what we were talking about yesterday?"

"Yes," Jenny said guardedly.

"Well, I wanted to ask you—"

Karen hesitated. "It's just that—," she said, and her voice was choked a little with emotion, "I hope you won't mention it to Alan. Some things—it's better to keep locked up—here." She rested one hand poignantly over her heart. "I've made my decision—now I want to forget it. You understand, don't you?"

"Yes, I understand," Jenny said in a very low voice.

"Then it's settled. Bless you, my dear." Karen took Jenny's limp boneless hand and pressed it with both of hers. "I want you to be happy—both of you. That's all that matters."

She was misty-eyed as she walked to the taxi and there was a lump in her throat—but she felt wonderful all the same. I shall have my memories, she thought—and the knowledge that I did what was right. When the cab-driver spoke to her the words came through a fog.

"What?" she said—and then, collecting herself, "Oh. Yes. Let me see... the Festival Club. That's it."

That's where they'll be, she thought blissfully, leaning back against the seat and closing her eyes. Stratford was crowded with newspapermen—two hundred of them, somebody had said. Brooks Atkinson of the New York Times and John Beaufort of the Christian Science Monitor and the two critics from England and Wolcott Gibbs—or was that just a rumor?—and Nathan Cohen of the CBC and all the others. It was important to keep in with the press; they could make you or break you. And it was always an advantage to meet them personally and create a good impression before they saw the performance.

The Festival Club was jammed. Karen paused in the doorway, peering through the smoky haze until she spotted the publicity director of the Festival sitting at a table, surrounded by a group of men. She swept over to them.

"Oh, Miss Jolliffe," she called gaily,

"how are you! Such a hectic day—I thought I'd just pop in for a long cool drink."

She laughed roguishly, and Mary Jolliffe smiled up at her—but with a definite lack of enthusiasm.

"You know, dear, I was wondering about my pictures," Karen said. "Have you used them all up yet? Do you want more?"

"No thanks—not yet."

"Well if you do, just let me know." Karen smiled at the men. "You know what actresses are like—we're always concerned about publicity!" The men stared back at her without interest. "Well, I'll have to hurry," she said. "See you later." With a gay little wave of the hand she swept away.

She found an empty chair at the other side of the room and ordered iced coffee. Some publicity director, she thought sarcastically. Probably my pictures are just sitting on a shelf in the office gathering dust while she draws a nice fat cheque for doing nothing. She must make plenty, the way she dresses. And for what? The only mention I've had so far was that one stinking little line in the Tely.

A man sitting at a table nearby was staring at her as he chewed on a sandwich. From beneath lowered eyelids she assessed him—tall, greying, distinguished-looking, smartly dressed—American, probably. She slowly raised her eyes and gave him a sultry smile. After all, it might be Wolcott Gibbs or somebody just as prominent. He pushed back his chair and moved over to her table.

"Hello, sweetheart," he said. "Where have you been all my life?"

Too late, she realized that he was sodden drunk. Still, she reminded herself, even important people sometimes indulged a little too freely. She smiled again—this time a little shyly.

"Oh, just stuck up here in Canada," she said wryly. "And where have you been all your life?"

The man looked at her glassily. "That's a good one," he said. "Where have I been all my life!" He chuckled quietly. "Why, I've been right here in Stratford. Joe Pennyworth's the name—I'm a salesman. He leaned his elbows on the table and brought his face close to Karen's. "How'd you like a nice long drive, baby?" he said confidentially. "I've got a bottle cached in the car."

For once Karen forgot about making an exit. She simply fled—down the stairs and out onto the street. She was still hurrying along the sidewalk when someone gripped her arm and stopped her. It was Alan.

"Listen," he said, "I want to see you after the show tonight. Some place where we can talk privately."

For a moment she stared at him blankly, not quite taking it in. Then her mind darted ahead, planning, and again she was in control of herself. "All right," she said with a slow smile. "My place. Mrs. Osborne will be out and we can use the living room."

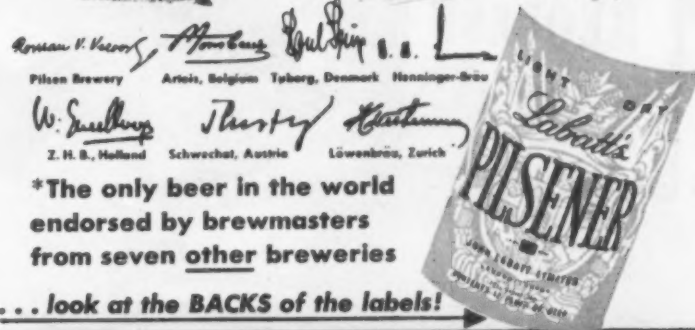
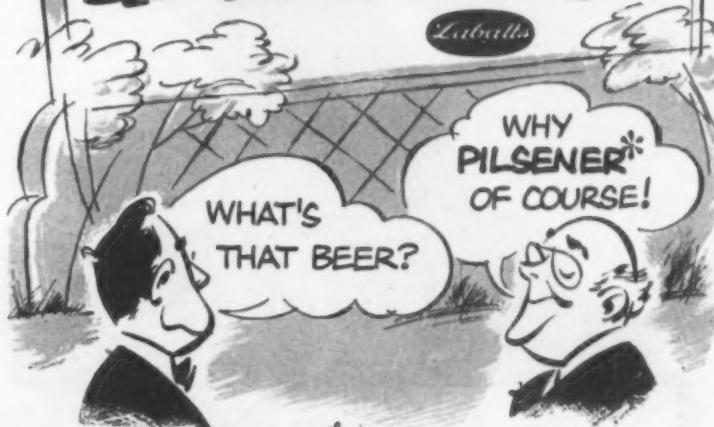
"Half an hour after it's over," Alan said. "See you then."

She watched his blond head bobbing along the sidewalk until he was out of sight. Then she turned and walked slowly on. Suddenly she could not bear the noisy mobs of people. She waved at a passing taxi and the driver halted with a screech of brakes.

Once inside the cab, it was better. She could lean back with her eyes closed and think about this sudden, this wonderful thing that had happened.

He wanted to see her after the show, to talk privately—that could mean only one thing. All these weeks she had watched the smooth agility of his movements about the stage,

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yearned over the way his blond hair waved up from the high forehead, felt the attraction between them growing into a rich warm spiritual bond—and now, at last, it would reach its climax. Oh God, she thought, I must be ready for this moment. I must not fail him.

She had planned the evening meticulously, but now the schedule she had worked out with such relish was just a means of passing time. She forced herself to eat dinner, had a long leisurely bath, dressed in the pale green chiffon gown she had bought on a special week-end trip to Toronto, brushed her hair till it glistened, made up her face, decked herself out in the new jewelry—but it was all mechanical, the routine of a sleepwalker.

In her mind, she was already living through the scene that faced her. She must be firm—yet tender. "There's just no future for us, Alan," she would say. "First of all there's the difference in ages. You're only thirty, I'm thirty-five." With a twinge, she remembered that it was really forty-seven—but she must forget that. Certainly she didn't look more than thirty-five. Anyway, there was another, more important barrier. "I decided long ago that I must choose between marriage and a career—I couldn't have both. I'm afraid I'm wedded to the theatre, Alan." He would stare at her dully—perhaps he would be kneeling, looking up at her. "Is there no hope?" he would ask, and she would lay a compassionate hand on his brow and shake her head sadly.

Posing before the mirror, she thought, all his life he will remember me like this—a naiad risen from the sea, bare shoulders mounting from the mist of green chiffon, auburn head poised regally on the slender neck (God, I'm glad I didn't let Guthrie persuade me to dye it grey), the dangling rhinestones glittering in the lamplight.

Then the cabdriver banged on the door. She wound the pale green chiffon stole about her shoulder, draped her mouton wrap over her arm, picked up her evening bag and descended the stairs like a queen proceeding to her coronation.

For a moment, as she stood outside the tent theatre—its smoke-blue walls and terra-cotta roof merging in the shadows of the tall trees—she was afraid she might be too early, but she had timed her arrival perfectly.

As the applause for the prologue died away she swept down the aisle, everyone's eye upon her, to the special stage-side seat. There were only sixteen of these seats, and it was well-known that they cost six dollars each. Only the elite had indulged in such extravagance.

There was a hush. Then the Duke of Gloucester limped onto the stage—an evil, twisted little man in dirty drab clothes, with scraggly hair and an ugly humped back. For a few moments Karen was caught up in the play, carried away by the compelling viciousness of Richard's personality.

Then Lady Anne approached from another direction, wearing deep mourning. Behind her the corpse—resting in an elaborate coffin—was carried in by a group of grieving men. One of them was Alan.

Until he left the stage, Karen saw nothing but his face—and when he was gone her mind bridged the gap of hours and began re-creating the scene that lay ahead.

Again she shook her head sadly—but this time Alan refused to accept her decision. "We love each other," he insisted. "That's all that matters. Don't talk to me about age—why, you have the body and spirit of a young girl. And there's nothing to prevent you having a career—look at Alfred

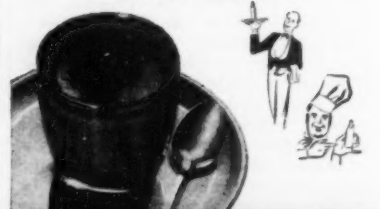
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Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, for example."

She protested. "I can't do it, Alan. Think of Jenny. She's in love with you." Alan laughed. "Jenny! Why, she's just a child. I need a mature woman, not an infant."

The arguments began again, but it was inevitable that he should win. Renunciation was not the answer. Besides, even if she rejected him, he would never find happiness with Jenny. . . . When she finally pressed his head to her bosom in mute acceptance, a storm of joy welled up in her heart, a crashing like thunder, and suddenly she realized that what she heard was real—a tremendous thunder of applause. The play was over.

It took hours to force her way outside, interminable hours to locate a cab, dreary hours to drive home. But still, at the appointed time she was ready.

The doorbell rang. With slow sure step she walked to the door and opened it. And then the whole scene fell apart—because standing beside Alan, still looking like a frightened fawn, was Jenny.

For a lightning moment Karen's poise was shattered. Then she took a deep breath and smiled a welcome. "Come in," she said.

She invited them to sit on the chesterfield, offered them cigarettes, lit one herself and sat on the arm of a chair, smiling and waiting—completely in command of the situation.

Alan seemed to have trouble finding the right words. At last he said, "Karen, I want to get something cleared up. You see, yesterday I asked Jenny to marry me."

"Oh, you darlings," Karen said ecstatically. "That's simply wonderful news. I'm so happy for you."

"Well," Alan said uncomfortably, "she seems to have got the impression that you and I—well, that we had plans of our own."

"Why, Jenny," Karen said, a touch of surprise in her voice, "you know I made it perfectly clear that Alan and I could never be anything more than friends."

Alan said coldly, "Did anybody ever suggest otherwise?"

Karen laughed softly. "Now, Alan darling, don't sound so insulted. It's hardly complimentary to me."

"But damn it, Karen—" he began.

She stopped him. "We've both made it plain that Jenny has nothing to worry about. Isn't that enough?"

Alan looked at Jenny, and her dark eyes accused him. He turned fiercely on Karen.

"Tell her the truth," he said. "Was I ever alone with you at any time?"

"Only once," Karen said—and her voice was tender. "You remember."

"Oh—yes, I'd forgotten. The time I met you walking in the park and we sat under that big tree on the island for a couple of hours. All right. Did I so much as lay a finger on you?"

"No," Karen said softly.

"Did I say anything that would lead you to believe I was the slightest bit interested in you romantically?"

"Alan," Karen said gently, "let's not torture ourselves like this. Jenny understands, I'm sure. Now why can't we just forget the whole thing?"

Alan yelled at her, "But there's nothing to forget!" He turned to Jenny and said hoarsely, "Believe me, I'd no more think of making love to Karen than I would to my own mother."

Jenny's big dark eyes turned on Karen with a look that was indecipherable. Then she said, "All right, I believe you. Now let's go."

Karen stood at the window and watched them walk down the street, hand in hand. Poor little Jenny, she

thought pityingly. The future wouldn't be so bright for her, married to a man like Alan—a man who would deceive her with half-truths and omissions, but never a direct lie. What he had said about their night on the island was true as far as it went—but he had said nothing about the look in his eyes, the shadings of his voice, the mingling of their souls in a perfect communion. Poor little Jenny.

Karen let the curtain drop and walked slowly up the stairs. She felt drained, empty, and yet somehow at peace with herself. From now on she

would concentrate her whole attention on her career. There was—there must be—no room for anything else in her life.

She changed into pyjamas, smeared her face with cold cream and wiped it off with tissue. She was applying a second, lighter layer when she heard the sound she dreaded—the moths beginning to batter the window, striving to reach the light. For a moment panic shook her. She screamed, "Go away!" and grabbed the clock to throw at them. Just in time—and with a sudden sickening jolt—she

realized what would have happened if she had smashed the window. They would all have rushed in at her, dragging their hairy legs over her flesh, smothering her with their musty wings. Terrified by her narrow escape, she set the clock back on the dresser, gulped down her sleeping pill, and hurried into bed.

With the covers pulled over her head, she waited for oblivion—but even when the drug began nibbling at the edges of her mind, dulling her senses, she could still hear the soft beat of wings against the window. ★

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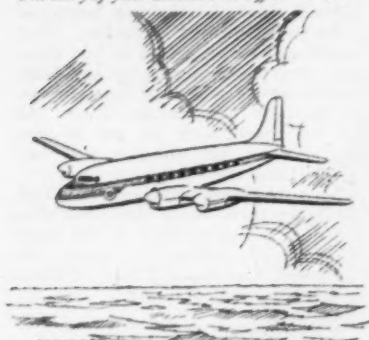
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Royal dignity walked hand-in-hand with great good-fellowship in Canada during the summer of 1939. The King and Queen were making a brilliant progress through the land; every city, town and village was "en fête". The shadows which finally darkened into war were for the time being forgotten, as Canadians gave themselves over to rejoicing.

The year 1939, however, marked other notable happenings: one was the inauguration of Canada's first trans-Atlantic Air Mail.

For ten years before that the Canada Post Office, recognizing what air transportation would mean, particularly in the speeding up of mail, had experimented with and developed many services inside the country. The stage was now reached for expansion overseas.

Already the time on trans-Atlantic mails had been greatly reduced by flying overseas mail to and from Rimouski, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where contact was made with ocean-going liners. Connecting with the steadily growing air network within Canada, the service brought nearer the vision of carrying mails across the Atlantic both ways. But much had still to be done on the domestic front, and the next decade saw carefully calculated developments carried out in spite of the depression of the 1930's.

Increased Air Mail services across the international boundary paralleled others that spanned the continent. Canada's great hinterland was opened up. Space and Time were being conquered.

Canada's first Trans-Atlantic Air Mail was carried overseas during the late spring and the summer of 1939 via American and United Kingdom Air Lines. Following services given direct from Canada to the United Kingdom during war days, daily Trans-Atlantic Air Mail service went into operation between Canada and Britain—and from there to European destinations—in 1946.

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FROM THE VITAMIN E CHEERING SECTION

Eric Hutton's article, The Fight Over Vitamin E (June 15), will, no doubt, bring forth many "testimonials." Three years ago, and again a year later when serious heart disturbances occurred as the result of extended plane and motor journeys, five doctors—including Canada's leading specialist in cardiovascular diseases—examined, diagnosed, and prescribed for me. The prescriptions were mostly restrictive ones, affecting my physical activities. Among other restrictions was that of not climbing flights of stairs.

On the advice of my friend, Canon Quintin Warner, head of the Shute Foundation for Medical Research, I consulted my doctor about the use of Vitamin E, and asked him to prescribe a suitable dosage. I have been following that prescribed treatment for two years. Last week I climbed the one hundred and sixty-eight steps up the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor without a pause, and down again, without the slightest former difficulty. My host and hostess on Bedloe's Island can verify this. Like Canon Warner, I, too, can attribute recovery to God and Vitamin E.—R. J. Fraser, Ottawa.

● I for one bless Dr. Shute from my heart and I am willing and anxious until the end of my life to sing the praises of this wonderful remedy.—Mrs. Louise Gagné, Montreal.

● If, according to the statement of the Canadian Medical Association, it neither approves nor disapproves the use of this vitamin and Canadian physicians are free agents in the matter, what are the doctors, who use and prescribe it surreptitiously, afraid of? Obviously the CMA.—F. Edwards, Regina.

● The Shutes are, of course, prescribing in the highly paid field of heart specialists and, while this would have no bearing on the objective medical viewpoint in Canada, still it cannot help but be a factor in medical thinking. The Shutes' treatment reduces the cost of treatment for heart disease to the few cents' a day cost of Vitamin E.—A. D. Turner, Toronto.

● I was given up by my own doctors and when Dr. Wilfred Shute was contacted by phone, by my local doctors (after much persuasion), Vitamin E was prescribed and I am living today and well.—Mrs. Bert Wannamaker, Foxboro, Ont.

● It is always helpful when such an important and controversial issue as the use of Vitamin E in heart cases is aired impartially, so that one can make his own evaluation of its efficiency or otherwise. This, you have enabled many heart sufferers to do and we are appreciative indeed.—Don R. Palmer, Toronto.

● I owe my life to Vitamin E.—Mrs. W. S. Hallatt, London, Ont.

● The Shute Bros. are a godsend to the suffering people.—Mrs. May L. Gadd, London, Ont.

● Immediately upon seeing the article, and the comment upon it of the Canadian Medical Association, we sent the two following telegrams to the Canadian Medical Association:

Saw Association's comment in current Maclean's Magazine. Certainly you could not condemn Vitamin E therapy since you have never examined it in seven long years. Three times you have refused to hear us. You did not ignore cortisone and ACTH which you admit disappointing but to which Federal Government allotted \$650,000 for research in one year, doubtless upon official advice. Canadian Journal quick to publish cortisone studies. You deny pressure on medical societies. Their silence has been remarkably unanimous, however. I now offer for fourth time to appear before annual meeting to present our evidence next week. Must have one hour.

—Dr. Wilfrid E. Shute.

Do board and all individual officers of Canadian Medical Association accept full responsibility for comment on Hutton's article in Maclean's Magazine published in name of Canadian Medical Association yesterday? Several factual errors in it. As statement is anonymous it must be taken to represent opinion of whole board which therefore must be responsible. With what fraction of membership of the association did you consult? Can this board, which changes annually and is merely the administrative channel for 13,000 Canadian physicians, officially and legally comment on a scientific subject which admittedly it has no facilities to evaluate? If so, please so state. If not, officially disclaim immediately.

—Dr. Evan Shute.

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I like Maclean's because of its good reading materials, the knowledge, also a thousand and one household hints,



interesting stories, poetry, the latest on our government. I couldn't begin to mention how much we get from Maclean's and how little we pay for all this.—Mrs. J. T. McNeal, Indian Head, Sask.

They Applaud McCarthy

I had imagined that, by now, the New Deal mentality had evaporated from the Canadian press but any illusions I entertained in that regard were shattered by reading Blair Fraser's unwarranted and vindictive article on Senator McCarthy (May 15).

Is it not more logical to conclude that McCarthy's strength lies in the fact that a tremendous number of



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for Adults & Children

THE WORLD OVER



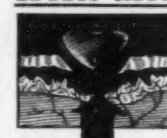
ITCH RELIEVED IN A JIFFY or money back

Very first use of soothing, cooling, liquid D.D.D. Prescription positively relieves raw red itch—caused by eczema, rashes, scalp irritation, chafing—other itch troubles. Greaseless, stainless, 43c trial bottle must satisfy or money back. Ask your druggist for D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION.

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Greatest corn remedy discovery in 70 years! Tests show this revolutionary new medication went to work 33% faster than any corn treatment known. Naturally, Phenylum gets at the base of your corn and helps EASE it out. Only BLUE-JAY has PHENYLUM (pronounced Fen-ill-ee-um). In corn or callus plasters. At all drug counters.



BAUER & BLACK

people approved of his anti-Communist crusade? His task was not an easy or pleasant one, and he pursued it with courage, perseverance and marked success! If his voice was not alone in the outcry against disloyalty in high places, it was certainly the most effective! If his methods were not pleasing to the opposition—well it matters little what bait is used if the rats are caught!—E. Dart, Victoria.

● Blair Fraser . . . was wrong on every count. Apparently he hasn't taken the trouble to read Senator McCarthy's book. He should. He would find there documented proof of all the Senator's charges.—E. H. Nitschke, Boston.

Refreshing Nonsense

We found the short story, *The Binghams Came to Blows* (July 1), highly amusing. The style of writing, combined with the underlying logic of the whole thing, made it a very refreshing bit of nonsense.—Mrs. J. R. Martin, Winnipeg.

● I thought F. Hugh Herbert's story the funniest I have ever read.—James O'Brien, Toronto.

Baboons on the Cover

Sometimes I do not like the covers on your splendid magazine. I ask you, why make your beautiful children appear more like baboons than children? To me it's not funny, but an insult to the children of Canada.—E. R. Richards, Santa Monica, Calif.

● May I protest against your cover for July 1—not because I have anything against girls in bathing suits, but because I would very much like to see a "Dominion Day" cover. After all, it is Canada's birthday.—Mrs. Sheila Burgess, Guelph, Ont.

Wait and See

In regard to Bruce Hutchison's Postscript on his history of *The Most Incredible Canadian* (May 15) one may well wonder just how this story is now going to end. Statesmen in the past have had for their biographers positive eulogists, and positive defamers, but this Bruce Hutchison style of "his motive might have been honorable, and again it might have been base—wait and see," this style is certainly unique. Is the outcome of this story now to end, after a few more postscripts, in the revelation of the Most Incredible Canadian Statesman, or on the other hand the revelation of the Most Discreditable Canadian Biographer? Wait and see.—M. McKenzie, Argyle Shore, P.E.I.

The Rebel of the Woods

Congratulations to Maclean's and Trent Frayne for the excellent article on Tom Thomson, *The Rebel Painter of the Pine Woods* (July 1). Let's have more of the same on Canadian artists. The fine illustration of *The Pointers* was appreciated.—Ted Longstaffe, Norwood, Man.

A Car for Canada

In Mailbag (July 1), Hugh M. Matheson enquires, "Why can't cars built in Canada by Canadians be built for Canadians?", and he gives a list of desirable qualities that should be included.

Many of these are quite feasible but the cost of providing them and the complications involved would probably make the cars unsaleable, save to a favored few. It must be remembered also that the United States has a population about ten times that of Canada, and it is probable therefore that their home market is correspondingly large.

This means that they can afford to spend, and *do* spend, far more money in research and development than we can, and consequently the tendency is to follow the designs and models that result from those researches.

It would be very nice, as your correspondent points out, if we could have a distinctively Canadian car, tailor-made to suit our own conditions but, if this car cost twice as much as an American design having a reasonable degree of acceptance, which model would the average Canadian citizen buy?—E. A. Allcut, Professor of Mechanical Engineering, University of Toronto.

Bob Better in Soapers?

To improve your magazine why not suggest that Robert Thomas Allen devote his time to writing soap operas for the CBC? They would appreciate his



efforts, and the thousands of housemaids among Canadian radio fans will love him—and obviously he wants to be loved. Surely we don't have to ape the sloppy "American Way of Life" for a time yet!—A. N. Simms, Montreal.

Nobel Wasn't Even There

In *The Cursed Stones of Louisburg* (May 15) David MacDonald states that, "In the spring of 1760 . . . sappers and miners tunneled under the fortifications and set off dynamite charges."

Alfred Nobel did not invent dynamite until 1866. In 1760 the only explosive available for demolitions of such magnitude was the old-fashioned black powder.—Geo. F. Reynolds, Bissett, Man.

One Nation, Two Tongues

This letter should have been written long ago. I would like to shake the hand of Mr. Gaston Chevalier (Mailbag, May 1). He was educated in a French-speaking school that did not teach him English, and I was educated in an English-speaking school that did not teach me French. All this took place in a country that is supposed to be bilingual.

Since then my children have gone through school and they received even less instruction in French than I did. Their teachers would not even attempt to pronounce French words. They just spelled them out.

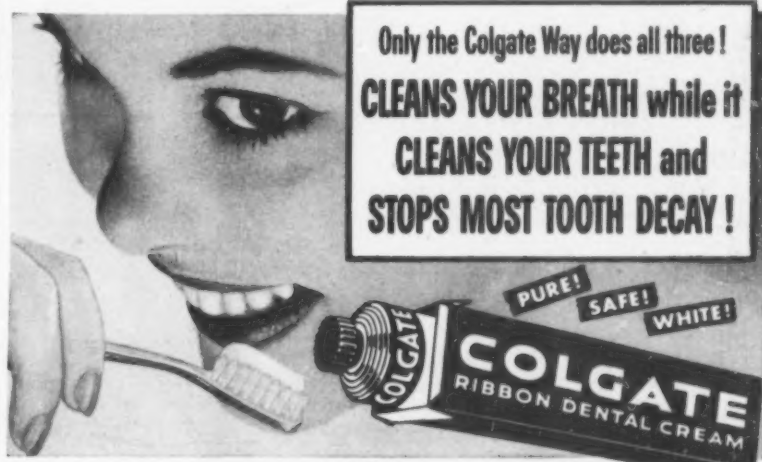
With French colleges right here in Quebec, why can't some of our teachers go there and learn French? I doubt that there is a teacher, in any English school in Nova Scotia, who can teach conversational French.

My congratulations to Mr. Chevalier. It took courage to write that letter.—A. F. Weir, Hebron, N.S.

Cheer from Cherry Valley

I want to thank you most heartily for David MacDonald's article, *How FX Saved the Maritimes*, (June 1).—The Rev. George W. Tilley, Cherry Valley, P.E.I. ★

Now! ONE brushing with COLGATE DENTAL CREAM removes up to 85% of odor- and decay-causing bacteria!



Gives you a cleaner, fresher mouth all day long!

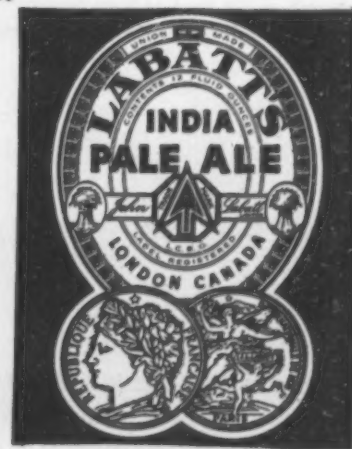
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And I.P.A. is just that! Brewed to a man's taste, its flavour is full-bodied, zestful and hearty . . . a real *man's* drink. Try it! You'll find it has the character of a fine, old-time ale. Ask for Labatt's India Pale Ale—I.P.A. for short—and you'll smack your lips with *satisfaction*. John Labatt Limited.

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Another Canadian youngster
who believes in
**"THE BANK AS A PARTNER
IN MY COMMUNITY"**

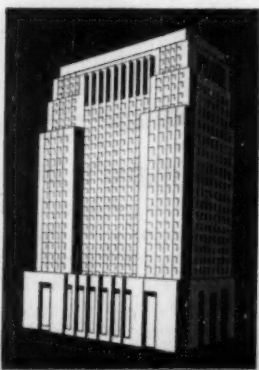
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needed repairs. From
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Mary Cusack,
Tracadie Cross, P.E.I.

You can see for yourself how the Bank's staff take a personal interest in all their customers. Whether you want to open a Savings Account, buy Travellers' Cheques, rent a Safety Deposit Box, arrange for financial assistance for yourself or your business, see the friendly staff of your neighbourhood branch of The Bank of Nova Scotia. You'll find they're good people to know.

*Extract from Mary Cusack's prize-winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia.



The Bank of Nova Scotia

• YOUR PARTNER IN HELPING CANADA GROW



FOR YEARS a drayman and an implement dealer in Elrose, Sask., have matched wits in a running series of friendly but elaborate practical jokes. The implement dealer is currently one up.

A few weeks ago the drayman's wife drew a large turkey from her downtown frozen-food locker, spotted the implement dealer driving by and persuaded him to drop the bird off at her house so she could go on with her shopping empty-handed.

The dealer obligingly started out with the turkey but on the way met his old rival. The temptation was too much for him. "I'm stuck with this turkey," he said. "Haven't room for it in our locker or the refrigerator. How'd you like to buy it cheap?"

The drayman rose to the bait and shelled out two dollars for a turkey he already owned.

A woman near Hamilton, Ont., uses her own secret weapon on people who monopolize party telephone lines. When a couple of housewives are firmly entrenched on a line, she simply shouts into the mouthpiece, "Oh, something's burning," and hangs up. Nine times out of ten, she claims, both parties think the other has gone so they hang up and leave the circuit free.

The manager of a liquor store in a small Nova Scotia town had just reached home one evening when the telephone rang. The caller wanted to know what time the store opened in



the morning. "Ten o'clock," said the manager, and hung up.

Later the caller rang again. "Maybe nine tomorrow?" he asked hopefully.

"No, you can't get in before ten," was the firm reply.

"In!" said a blurred but indignant voice, "who wants to get in?"

A motorist in Ontario's Muskoka district swerved suddenly on a muddy road to avoid a dog and slithered into a ditch. He trudged some distance through the rain to phone a service truck, then returned, wet and miserable, to his car. Inside, near an open window, the dog was curled up fast asleep.

A Vancouver boy who's saving up for a bicycle collects and cashes in empty beer bottles. A collection truck usually calls for them on a set day each week while he is at school.

One day, when the doorbell rang, his mother tucked a case of empties under each arm and rushed to the door—where she came face to face with the local minister, out on his parish calls.

In Port Arthur an early morning motorist lost control of his auto, skidded into a driveway and bumped a houseowner's parked car. A police



constable arrived and roused the houseowner who got out of bed, slipped an overcoat over his pyjamas and came out to make settlement with the driver. The cop took names and particulars, then turned to the scantily clad resident and asked, "Do you have your driver's permit with you?"

In Hudson Bay, Sask., a keen-eyed forestry employee spotted a fire from the lookout tower and alerted the fire fighters, who promptly went out and extinguished it.

The crewmen returned and were about to congratulate their spotter, when they had another alarm. This time one of them had to shinny up the one-hundred-and-twenty-foot tower with a pail of water to quench a fire started by the spotter's cigarette.

For years the citizens of London Ont., have grumbled about hard-to-read house numbers in their residential areas. One Londoner set out to find a Queen Street address one recent evening but prowled into several doorways in vain. Finally, feeling somewhat like a Peeping Tom, she spotted a number on a lighted transom and timidly drew near. But she had to walk up on the front step before she could read the lettering: 1879 A.D.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Five minutes to murder

This is the start of it. Woods tinder-dry after weeks of sunny weather—a fresh breeze blowing off the lake—a fire left smoking by careless campers. Hungrily the little flames lick through the fallen needles, reaching for dead limbs and brush. And in five short minutes the forest will be a blazing, roaring hell.

Forest fire is a murderer. It kills vast areas of standing trees and drives defenseless wild creatures to their death. It wipes out countless millions of dollars—not only in lost timber but in flood damage and soil erosion. In a single year nearly 200,000 fires start in North

America, destroying more acres of trees than new growth can make up.

The men who guard the forests wage constant warfare against this killer. Their big yellow Caterpillar-built Bulldozers drive fire-breaks through the woods and build access roads to rush fire-fighting crews into threat-

ened areas. But their battle will be a losing one without the help of all aroused citizens.

Any one of us who leaves a campfire smoldering or tosses away a burning match or cigarette in the woods is a public enemy. Remember—only you can prevent forest fires!

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Ill., U.S.A.

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FIRES, THINK OF THE BIG YELLOW
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pause now and then to relax with a Coke
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So when your spirits sag,
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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 15, 1953

